UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1184.

Original Poetry.

ETERNITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY N. W. WILLIAMS.

Listen, oh mortal, to the chime,
That, with a measure grand, sublime,
Through the deep chambers of the soul
Sounds with a slow and solemn toll.
Eternity!

It bids thee mark how brief is Life,—
This battle-scene of spirit-strife,—
And oft, above the conflict, clear,
Rings out this watchword on thine ear.
Eternity!

The sun, that down the arching sky,
Rolls his swift chariot silently,
Warns thee of time's incessant sweep
To that unfathomable deep,
Eternity!

By night, the stars that sentry keep
O'er earth, deep-wrapped in death-like sleep,
Have stirred within thee many a thought,
That was with that strange mystery fraught.
Eternity!

Then tread in the ranks of man along,
Who crowd time's march,—a mighty throng!
Each throbbing heart, with constant beat,
Doth still that solemn note repeat,
Eternity!

Then stand'st among the silent dead!
Oh! whither have the spirits fled!
No voice is there,—but, with a sigh,
The waving cypress gives reply,
Eternity!

The waves, that hence their spirits bore,
Still murmuring roll along time's shore,
And echoes wherein beneath their surge,
Within o'er them swells the wailing dirge,
Eternity!

Oh! solemn is this life we live,
Which death, each hour, some warning give,
That, with resistless force, we tend
On to our fixed and final end,
Eternity!

With earnest heart and eager hand,
Let us each spirit-love withstand!
In God our trust,—be true and brave!
Then calmly wait beyond the grave,
Eternity!

Original Tales.

RUTH;
Or, The Days of William Penn.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

PART I.

"Why dost thou linger on the shore, Ruth? Thou hast just landed from yonder vessel, and the feelings of the bird free from its cage should be thine. Come, hasten, I will show thee thy western home on the banks of the Delaware. Our cave* will be a cool summer retreat, and before the wintry winds can visit the country of Penn, a comfortable log cabin will be ready for thee. And this dear boy will be content to share his father's hard pillow."

Thus spoke Ephraim Sterling, as he welcomed his only sister and his son, a child of eight years old, to their settlement, called Philadelphia. As they entered the cave's shadowed recess, Ruth sank down on one of the nearest wooden seats, and burst into tears. Her brother regarded her with a look of sorrow and disappointment.

"Dost thou already regret the luxuries which lie beyond the Atlantic?" he asked. "I had thought my sister would not weigh them with the bliss of a free conscience to worship the Divine Being in our own way, which we will here enjoy."

"Nay, judge not thus, dear Ephraim," she replied, "with no other shelter but the forest, I could be happy with those I love. No unworthy thought caused this weakness, but thou will forgive it. I will be cheerful now, and gay as little Benjamin" and she hid her bright cheek on the neck of the wondering child Ephraim mused for a moment.

"There can be but one other cause for thy agitation, Ruth," he at length said, "nay, listen to me calmly. I saw on the deck of the vessel one, who it grieved me to know, had crossed the ocean with thee. I was wrong to leave thee, my orphan sister, in England, and near one so interesting as Eric Wohlden. True, I had cherished him as a stranger, and loved him as a friend, but when his father died, I thought he would have returned to his native Sweden. Why has he come hither? He is not of our people."

With a face suffused with blushes, the young maiden answered,

"Thou knowest there is a colony of his countrymen on these shores. He has sold the little property he held in England, and came here to join them."

"Be it so, then, but remember, Ruth, he is not one of us, and cannot be more to thee than a friend. I wish thee to avoid meeting him."

Early on the next morning, Ephraim, who was skilled in medicine, went out to visit a patient, and his sister busied herself in arranging the small apartment, when the entrance of a young Indian girl startled her. They gazed on each other for a few minutes in silence, and when the fair Ruth found speech, the quick answers of the darker-hued maiden were given by gestures, scarcely aided by a few words of broken English. It appeared, she came to offer assistance, which was gladly accepted. Soon the floor of earth was swept clean, and the bright eyes of the Indian girl turned in search of other employment. In a very short time, these young beings perfectly understood each other, and Ruth was planting the long dark locks of the stranger, when her brother entered.

"Why art thou here, Menoné?" he asked with a look of surprise at the Indian maid.

She pressed her hand on her heart, while her eyes sought the ground, hid by their silken lashes, and timidly answered in her native language. "An Indian's memory of kindness from thee, brought me to offer help to the soft white hand of thy sister."

"Thou art a grateful maiden," said Ephraim, in the same language, for he had learned enough of it to render conversation easy. "I had requested the young chief Secané to send his sister here—but thou wilt be more pleasing to Ruth. I am thirsty—wilt thou give me to drink?"

As she left the place for a fresh supply of water, Ruth turned to her brother.

"Thou knowest this maiden, then," she said, with an enquiring look.

"I do: she is betrothed to the young chief I spoke of. I saw her first, at the time of our treaty with the Indians, as she sat beneath the shade of the Elm-tree, resting on an aged chief, her father. Her cheek was brighter than those of the other maidens, for a fever was in her veins. The old chief hearing I had skill in medicine, beckoned me to his side, and I prescribed for his daughter, who loosed like a broken flower against him, her long shadowy tresses hanging as a veil about her."

"True," interrupted Ruth, "I have told her, she must bind them smoothly around her head like mine, under a little muslin cap I have given her. But go on with thy story."

"I have no more to tell, except that I afterwards visited the wigwam of the chief, and finally restored the maiden to health. She is very grateful, and seems to possess a mind of no common feeling and strength, listening attentively whenever I speak, and thinking as little of beads and gew-gaws as thou dost."

"I rejoice to hear it, brother; I will teach her the simple tenets of our faith."

They were interrupted by the entrance of several females, wives of the colonists, who vied with each other in offers of kindness to Ruth, pressing her to share the comforts of their log-cottages, until that of Ephraim was completed, which, however, she gratefully declined.

As they departed, Menoné returned, and by an expressive gesture drew the attention of Ruth and her brother towards some one descending the river path, and they hastened to meet the Father of the colony, the good William Penn. He raised Benjamin in his arms, who clung around his neck, mindful of other days, when that noble form, and fine countenance had awoke his childish admiration at his distant home. As he seated himself in their humble residence, his presence seemed to inspire cheerfulness and confidence in those, who listened to the unstudied flow of his language, kind, beautiful, but unadorned. He too, pressed their acceptance of a share in his own more comfortable dwelling, without effect, for Ruth thought the progress of the log cottage, which stood near the cave, would soon enable them to take possesion of it, and she spoke of the kind assistance of Menoné. As he departed accompanied by Ephraim, he turned to the young Indian, and said in a voice of gentle commendation,

"Minquon Lapsocrot actaqu," which in her language meant, "Menoné very good friend."

She gazed for a moment after him, then pressing her hand on her heart ejaculated, "*Lapsocrot Minquon!*"

"Minqon is an unmeaning name," said Ruth, "Call him William. England boasts not another of the name as truly great. Not he of Normandy, whose arbitrary curfew tolled the knell of every cottage taper of the once happy simple hearted Saxon. Nor yet he, the Rufus, who perished, while hunting in the same forest, from whence he had driven the unoffending inhabitants, and left not a household nod beneath its shades."

The young Indian gazed with surprise, for she understood little of the words, which seemed to change the countenance of the English maiden, from extreme gentleness to one of energetic feeling. Early in the evening she departed, promising to return in the morning, while Ruth seating herself on a bank at the entrance of the cave watched the moon as it rose over the calm breast of the Delaware. The child of Ephraim had sank into a slumber by her side. Her meditations were sad, for during her brother's absence from England, her heart had become strongly attached to the young Swede, whose noble qualities and ardent devotion to her happiness made the divine invitation she had accepted a passing short time in the city of Detroit.

Alice Wilton was as pretty a flower as ever bloomed in the wilds of Michigan. Her complexion was clear and delicate, and the rose deepened or paled on either cheek as her mind was excited or tranquil. Yet she was but a child, as you might know by the uncloubed blue of those beaming eyes, and the bright, brown curls that rested so carelessly upon her sweet childish brow, and fair white neck.

But, gentle reader, your attention a moment while we look in at this humble cottage, in an unpretending village not one hundred miles from the capitol of the State. But two words are necessary to describe everything you behold, poverty and neatness. A pale, sorrowful looking woman is sewing near the window. She is evidently in mourning, for her dress is black and her plain neat cap is tied with black ribbon. Near her on a low stool sits her youngest child, a sweet little girl some four or five years of age, and at the window opposite his mother, stands her only son, a manly boy of ten years.

"Mother," he exclaims, suddenly turning from the window, "do you think father will live a great while?"

"Why do you ask, my son?"

"Because, mother, I saw him just now stagger out of Mr. B——'s store, and he fell down twice before he got across the road." A deep sigh is the only answer, but the little girl puts her arms around her neck, and whispers, "Dear mother, you have me to comfort you, and Alice, and Herbert, and I can be so happy."

And this is the home of Alice.

Yes, light-hearted and playful as she was, Alice Wilton was the child of poverty. That curse of all others the most fatal to prosperity was upon her father's house. *He was a drunkard.* Upon the mother, therefore, devolved almost the sole care of providing for and educating her little family. She was a woman of good connexions, but in early life she had given her heart and hand to one who was not worthy of either, but who, nevertheless, promised before God and man to love, honor, and protect the companion of his choice. It is painful to trace the progress of intemperance, as with delineated hand he severs one by one the bright links of the chain of domestic love, and binds his unresisting victim in fetters more cruel than death itself. Enough to know that as years passed away the young and trusting bride, became the pale, care-worn, and broken-hearted mother. Two of her sweet babes slept in the cold earth, but three others yet remained to claim a mother's care. Of these Alice was the eldest.

With all her industry and economy, Mrs. Wilton found it impossible, without her husband's assistance, to educate her children as she wished. The part of the country in which they had settled was quite "new," and rarely did the "school-master" make his appearance in their humble village. She therefore kept Alice at her side as much as possible, and while her fingers were busy with her needle she would talk to her of her duties as a woman of her responsibility to her Creator, of life and death, of earth and heaven.

Alice was an affectionate child, and often wept at the thoughts of her mother's grief, and her father's guilt. Yet was her spirit so elastic and her disposition so wayward and even childishly playful that many thought her utterly regardless of sorrow or shame. But the mother knew the heart of her child, and once when a kind neighbor remarked upon the apparent thoughtlessness of Alice, her eyes filled with tears, and her pale lips quivered as she replied, "Ah, she is just what I was when a child, but I pray God my lot may not be her's."

At the time our story commences, Alice was just past her fifteenth year. Allen Raymond was some seven or eight years her senior, and he had known her from her infancy. In temperament he was her very opposite. Calm, quiet and thoughtful, no flash of passion ever ruffled the sweet serenity of his countenance, or dried the moisture of those dark, deep, serious eyes. He had known affliction, for consumption, that slow but faithful messenger of death, had laid, one by one, father, mother, brothers and sisters in the cold grave, and he alone was left. His heart was the fountain of the deepest and purest feelings, and none better than he could sympathise with the sorrowing. Year after year had he watched the pale, sorrow marked face of Alice toiling for a bare subsistence for herself and her helpless offspring, while the brutal husband and father used every stratagem to rob them of the little they could earn to satisfy his insatiate thirst for liquor. As he became more intimate with the family, the frank, open-hearted ingenuousness of Alice won upon his heart, till he felt that to possess and protect her would be the richest blessing he could ask. His attentions to herself and mother became daily more marked and generous, yet ever more quiet and unassuming, for he would not pain the sensitive feelings of Mrs. Wilton, by pretending charity. That excellent woman knew and admired the many virtues of young Raymond, and approved of his perseverance for her daughter. She had long felt, though she had not spoken of it to her children) that her days were numbered, and it was her most earnest wish that before her eyes should close in death, she might see her daughter the wife of Allen Raymond. This wish she had expressed to him a few days before the conversation recorded in the beginning of our story. In the meantime a lady who had been an acquaintance of Mrs. Wilton's family, but at that time a resident of Detroit, happening in the neighborhood saw Alice, became interested in her, and proposed to her mother that she should spend the coming winter with her in the city. Mrs. Wilton offered no objections, for she saw the benefits that would result to her child from such a visit, but she could not part with her till she had told her the wish nearest her heart.

"Dear mother," answered Alice, "he seems so like a brother, but perhaps I shall love him better next spring, I'll try."

Whoever pitied or favored his family, was considered by Mr. Wilton as an enemy. He therefore conceived and expressed a violent antipathy to Raymond, when it was whispered among his gossiping companions that he was trying to win the affections of his daughter. On the day that Alice was to leave her home, he came reeling into the room where Mrs. Wilton was alone.

"Wife," said he, as he seized her rudely by the arm, "wife, how dare you let that sneaking Raymond set his feet in this house when I have forbidden you to speak to him! Is it you or Alice that he dares'——

"Oh, my husband! my husband!" exclaimed the affrighted wife, for while he spoke he continued shaking her with the ferocity of a drunken savage.

"Husband," he repeated in a tone of contempt. "Mind me, then, for I am something more than husband, mind me, I say, or by——"

Here he was interrupted by Alice entering the room.

"Come here, you little vixen," he exclaimed as soon as he saw her, "come here, I want to teach you a lesson."

But the spirit of rum was fast finding its way to his brain, he became dizzy, commenced singing one of his bacchanalian songs, reeled against the wall, and finally fell to the floor, and slept the loathsome sleep of the drunkard.

There we must leave him. Our business is with Alice and her friend. Her parting conversation with Allen Raymond is already recorded, let us follow them to the city.

Mrs. L—— was a lady of fine natural abilities, well cultivated by education, and moreover she was blessed with a wealthy and affectionate husband. It was but a year since she had buried her only child, a blooming girl of twelve summers, and her husband being a officer of state, was absent much of his time on official duties. She had known Mrs. Wilton when both were young and beautiful and thoughtless as the fair creature now in her charge, and when she thought of the present painful contrast in their situations, what wonder that her heart yearned towards the young girl with almost a mother's tenderness.

Immediately on arriving at the —— Hotel where she was then boarding, Mrs. L. replenished the neat but scanty wardrobe of Alice, and then conducted her to a closet containing a well-selected library of her own.

"Now my dear child," she said, "I have not brought you here for a mere plaything. Your stay with me will be short, and if you have any desire to improve your mind, there is not a moment to be lost. You know your situation at home——"

"Enough, enough," interrupted Alice, "I know what you would say," and the tears sprang to her eyes as she clasped the hand of her friend, and pressing it warmly in her own, continued, "only guide me in the choice of books and you shall be ashamed of my progress, I promise you."

Alice was ambitious, and Mrs. L. was surprised to witness the rapid developement of energy and thought in her young and active mind.

Week after week passed away and she was deeply engaged in her studies, interrupted only by an occasional letter from Raymond, whom she still regarded with the affection of a devoted sister, but no more. With the exception of thoughts of her pale, sad mother, she was happy in her present employment, and borrowed no trouble about the future.

CHAPTER II.

Thus peacefully glided away two months, and Alice though she lost some of her sprightliness, seemed almost a different being. Mrs. L. enjoyed the privileges of society in the best circles in the city, and Alice by her natural vivacity, sweet temper and pretty face won many friends among the young and the intelligent of her own sex, and, shall we not say of the other too! We shall see. One day as she sat at dinner near Mrs. L—— she chanced to raise her eyes towards an opposite window, when their glance was interrupted by a pair of the largest and blackest ones she had ever beheld. Startled, confused, and scarcely knowing what she did, she gave a second look, but only saw that those eyes belonged to a stranger and were still fixed on her. Dinner was soon over, and by a slight effort she banished that gaze from her mind and returned to her books.

But the next day those eyes were there, and the next, and the next, and each time was their impassioned gaze riveted on the conscious but affrighted girl.

She felt frightened, she knew not why, and yet she would not absent herself from the table, nor miss those eyes from their accustomed place, oh, not for worlds!

She had seen that they belonged to a face uncommonly expressive and intelligent, that above them was a broad, clear brow, while like "breathing marble," and that ever and around that brow, clustered, "in shining curls his jet black hair." Nature had set the seal of manly beauty upon one of her noblest mould, and oh, Alice, beware! beware! there is fascination in that gaze. There is more in those wild, black, passionate eyes, than thy young heart has ever dreamed of yet!

But day by day she has met those glances till her heart is no more her own—in her dreams, in her thoughts, in her books, she saw nothing but them. She grew sad and absent-minded. Mrs. L—— quick to perceive the change in her pupil, but far from dreaming the real cause, felt grieved and pained at her want of confidence.

"My sweet child," said she one day, "has anything occurred to give you pain? Why do you not confide in me?"

Alice started as though suddenly awakened from a dream, but instantly replied in a hurried voice "Oh, Mrs. L—— you are so kind, but it is long since I have heard from my mother—I fear she is not well—indeed I—I am not well myself." Poor child, she was not well. This was the first secret of her life. Nothing before had she ever concealed from her heart's best friend—but now—what could she, what should she say? that she had been bewildered by a pair of black eyes? that she knew nothing more, yet the blood burned crimson upon her cheek, and her heart throbbed painfully, for she felt that she had evaded the truth.

Mrs. L—— fearing that she had overtasked her mind and was really ill, gave her a slight composing draught, and bade her lay aside all studies till her spirits should recover their wonted activity.

When Alice was left alone, her eyes filled with tears, but in a moment she dashed them away, exclaiming, "What a simple child I am; some one perhaps has undertaken to frighten me and I am making myself wretched about it."

And she laughed at the thought, but the shadow was still upon her heart. She began to sing

"Oh, the bird at the wildwood is wiser than I,"

but was suddenly interrupted by a messenger with a letter from home. Her mother was very ill and requested her immediate return.

It was before the time of "Railroads" in Michigan, and the next day when the "stage" came to the door, Alice bade her friend a reluctant farewell.

But as she passed through the hall accompanied by the messenger and friend of her mother, she saw two persons near the door apparently engaged in conversation. One she instantly recognised as the stranger she had so often met of late at the table, and she heard his companion say,

"I tell you what, Elmore, it is impossible."

Elmore, Elmore, it was the first time she had heard his name, and she murmured if ever and ever again in her heart, till almost before she was conscious of leaving the city she was in sight of her father's dwelling, and, in another moment clasped in her mother's arms.

We must pass over their first interview and relate to the reader the few closing remarks of an evening's conversation between Mrs. Wilton, her daughter and Allen Raymond.

Raymond has the hand of Alice in his. She is weeping, and her mother continues, "Now my poor child you know all. There is no alternative. You will be without a protector, for in less than a week I may be in my grave, and the day that finds me there will see you sacrificed to a villain for his wealth." "Say no more," interrupted Alice, turning pale as death, and brushing the tears from her face, "dear mother, say no more—Allen I am yours—to-night, to Canada to-night, did you say?" "Yes, dear Alice, this very night, to-morrow may be too late." And by the light of that midnight moon you might have seen a sleigh, containing our heroine and her lover gliding swiftly over the sparkling snow between —— village and Detroit. A few miles from the city the road became divided for the space of about half a mile, and the path they had taken was through the thickest wood, where the long shadows lay still and dark across the bright snow.

Suddenly their sleigh stood still beneath a clump of large trees, and another one seen approaching from an opposite direction. "It is your father, Alice," whispered Raymond, "and if we are discovered, all hope is lost—but no—thank God he has taken the other road—we are safe."

It was indeed, Mr. Wilton. Ignorant of his daughter's return home, he had that very morning started for Detroit, passed her in the "stage," and arriving, became so exasperated at her departure, and suspicious also that Raymond intended to marry her privately, he forbade every magistrate in the city to pronounce their marriage ceremony under pain of incurring the penalty then affixed to the law respecting marriage without the consent of parents. He had not forgotten to do this in his own and adjoining neighborhoods before he left home. We will now follow him back to that home, nor listen to his threats and maniac ravings at not finding his child.

When the morning of the 23d of Feb. 18—broke bright and beautiful over the city of Detroit, and just as the clear winter sunlight silvered the ripples of its noble river, a light sail-boat spread its white wings, and bounded away through the frosty air and floating ice to the Canada shore.

"Would you like to return soon, sir?" asked the boatman with a quizzical look as the young couple left the boat.

"Certainly," was the brief reply.

In less than an hour Alice was a bride, but who shall say that she was happy? Did no dream of the past cloud her future prospects? Ah!

How small a spark it takes
To set the torch of love a-blazing!

That spark had fallen upon the heart of Alice Wilton, and she loved a stranger. She had never spoken his name, but her mother had said that *Walter Elmore*, a young and prodigate spendthrift had been introduced her, and that for money her father had promised his daughter's hand. To calm her mother's fears and save herself from such a union she married Allen Raymond. But did she believe that Walter Elmore was the same glorious being whose image was shrined in her young heart? No—not for a moment. In her mind, they seemed two distinct persons, and by no effort of imagination could she think them one.

But she was now a wife, and resolved to make it her duty and pleasure to "love, honor, and obey," her almost idolizing husband. That night they received a mother's blessing, and the next day closed her dying eyes.

We will now pass over six months. Mr. Wilton is married again, and Alice weeps over the grave of her husband! Yes, Allen Raymond is dead, a victim of consumption, and Alice a widow not yet seventeen. Her grief is sincere, for now she is without hope or friends on earth. Mrs. L—— is dead, her stepmother will not break her presence, and her only refuge is with some distant connections of her mother, in the western part of the State. Out of her husband's small property, was soon converted into money, and in company with her young brother she started in search of friends she had never seen.

At the beautiful village of M—— they stopped for refreshments, and Alice was startled and surprised to see on the steps of the "tavern," as all inn-well remembered form and face. It was evident that he too recognised Alice, for as she passed, he greeted her with a slight bow. In a few moments her brother came in and handed her a card bearing the name of "Lawrence Elmore."

Who can tell the thoughts of her heart as for many minutes, gazing speechlessly at those two words.

We will not attempt it, but merely say that before that day's sunset, the owner of that name, had so well explained his "position," his re-connection with "Walter Elmore," and various other things, that Alice felt almost willing to live her life over again, for that day's happiness. Lawrence Elmore was a young lawyer of promising talents, from one of the southern States.

The first day he saw Alice, he was informed that she was "engaged," and therefore, sought no introduction, but would not deny himself the pleasure of looking at her, as we have already seen. It is necessary to add but little more. In a few days, the young and beautiful widow, found a welcome home with the relatives of her mother, and the long cold winter which followed, was cheered and brightened by frequent letters from Elmore, breathing a spirit of pure but passionate love, in comparison with which the quiet affection of Allen Raymond seemed almost cool indifference.

When her eighteenth summer bloomed upon her brow, Alice was again a bride—and who shall say that she was not a happy one?

Mrs. Elmore still lives, and is fair, but should this little narrative chance to meet her eye, she will pardon the liberty the author has taken of adding a very slight tinge of romance to the history of her truly eventful life.

With her, her young brother and sister have found a happy home, years have added new charms to her face and form, and though she still remembers her first *husband*, no event of her life is so deeply engraved on her memory as the moment when her eyes met those of her FIRST LOVE.

ESTELLE A——.

Kalamazoo Gazette

Original Tales.

RUTH;
Or, The Days of William Penn.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

PART I.

"Why dost thou linger on the shore, Ruth? Thou hast just landed from yonder vessel, and the feelings of the bird free from its cage should be thine. Come, hasten, I will show thee thy western home on the banks of the Delaware. Our cave* will be a cool summer retreat, and before the wintry winds can visit the country of Penn, a comfortable log cabin will be ready for thee. And this dear boy will be content to share his father's hard pillow."

Thus spoke Ephraim Sterling, as he welcomed his only sister and his son, a child of eight years old, to their settlement, called Philadelphia. As they entered the cave's shadowed recess, Ruth sank down on one of the nearest wooden seats, and burst into tears. Her brother regarded her with a look of sorrow and disappointment.

"Dost thou already regret the luxuries which lie beyond the Atlantic?" he asked. "I had thought my sister would not weigh them with the bliss of a free conscience to worship the Divine Being in our own way, which we will here enjoy."

"Nay, judge not thus, dear Ephraim," she replied, "with no other shelter but the forest, I could be happy with those I love. No unworthy thought caused this weakness, but thou will forgive it. I will be cheerful now, and gay as little Benjamin" and she hid her bright cheek on the neck of the wondering child Ephraim mused for a moment.

"There can be but one other cause for thy agitation, Ruth," he at length said, "nay, listen to me calmly. I saw on the deck of the vessel one, who it grieved me to know, had crossed the ocean with thee. I was wrong to leave thee, my orphan sister, in England, and near one so interesting as Eric Wohlden. True, I had cherished him as a stranger, and loved him as a friend, but when his father died, I thought he would have returned to his native Sweden. Why has he come hither? He is not of our people."

With a face suffused with blushes, the young maiden answered,

"Thou knowest there is a colony of his countrymen on these shores. He has sold the little property he held in England, and came here to join them."

"Be it so, then, but remember, Ruth, he is not one of us, and cannot be more to thee than a friend. I wish thee to avoid meeting him."

Early on the next morning, Ephraim, who was skilled in medicine, went out to visit a patient, and his sister busied herself in arranging the small apartment, when the entrance of a young Indian girl startled her. They gazed on each other for a few minutes in silence, and when the fair Ruth found speech, the quick answers of the darker-hued maiden were given by gestures, scarcely aided by a few words of broken English. It appeared, she came to offer assistance, which was gladly accepted. Soon the floor of earth was swept clean, and the bright eyes of the Indian girl turned in search of other employment. In a very short time, these young beings perfectly understood each other, and Ruth was planting the long dark locks of the stranger, when her brother entered.

"Why art thou here, Menoné?" he asked with a look of surprise at the Indian maid.

She pressed her hand on her heart, while her eyes sought the ground, hid by their silken lashes, and timidly answered in her native language. "An Indian's memory of kindness from thee, brought me to offer help to the soft white hand of thy sister."

"Thou art a grateful maiden," said Ephraim, in the same language, for he had learned enough of it to render conversation easy. "I had requested the young chief Secané to send his sister here—but thou wilt be more pleasing to Ruth. I am thirsty—wilt thou give me to drink?"

As she left the place for a fresh supply of water, Ruth turned to her brother.

"Thou knowest this maiden, then," she said, with an enquiring look.

"I do: she is betrothed to the young chief I spoke of. I saw her first, at the time of our treaty with the Indians, as she sat beneath the shade of the Elm-tree, resting on an aged chief, her father. Her cheek was brighter than those of the other maidens, for a fever was in her veins. The old chief hearing I had skill in medicine, beckoned me to his side, and I prescribed for his daughter, who loosed like a broken flower against him, her long shadowy tresses hanging as a veil about her."

"True," interrupted Ruth, "I have told her, she must bind them smoothly around her head like mine, under a little muslin cap I have given her. But go on with thy story."

"I have no more to tell, except that I afterwards visited the wigwam of the chief, and finally restored the maiden to health. She is very grateful, and seems to possess a mind of no common feeling and strength, listening attentively whenever I speak, and thinking as little of beads and gew-gaws as thou dost."

"I rejoice to hear it, brother; I will teach her the simple tenets of our faith."

They were interrupted by the entrance of several females, wives of the colonists, who vied with each other in offers of kindness to Ruth, pressing her to share the comforts of their log-cottages, until that of Ephraim was completed, which, however, she gratefully declined.

As they departed, Menoné returned, and by an expressive gesture drew the attention of Ruth and her brother towards some one descending the river path, and they hastened to meet the Father of the colony, the good William Penn. He raised Benjamin in his arms, who clung around his neck, mindful of other days, when that noble form, and fine countenance had awoke his childish admiration at his distant home. As he seated himself in their humble residence, his presence seemed to inspire cheerfulness and confidence in those, who listened to the unstudied flow of his language, kind, beautiful, but unadorned. He too, pressed their acceptance of a share in his own more comfortable dwelling, without effect, for Ruth thought the progress of the log cottage, which stood near the cave, would soon enable them to take possesion of it, and she spoke of the kind assistance of Menoné. As he departed accompanied by Ephraim, he turned to the young Indian, and said in a voice of gentle commendation,

"Minquon Lapsocrot actaqu," which in her language meant, "Menoné very good friend."

She gazed for a moment after him, then pressing her hand on her heart ejaculated, "*Lapsocrot Minquon!*"

"Minqon is an unmeaning name," said Ruth, "Call him William. England boasts not another of the name as truly great. Not he of Normandy, whose arbitrary curfew tolled the knell of every cottage taper of the once happy simple hearted Saxon. Nor yet he, the Rufus, who perished, while hunting in the same forest, from whence he had driven the unoffending inhabitants, and left not a household nod beneath its shades."

The young Indian gazed with surprise, for she understood little of the words, which seemed to change the countenance of the English maiden, from extreme gentleness to one of energetic feeling. Early in the evening she departed, promising to return in the morning, while Ruth seating herself on a bank at the entrance of the cave watched the moon as it rose over the calm breast of the Delaware. The child of Ephraim had sank into a slumber by her side. Her meditations were sad, for during her brother's absence from England, her heart had become strongly attached to the young Swede, whose noble qualities and ardent devotion to her happiness made the divine invitation she had accepted a passing short time in the city of Detroit.

Alice Wilton was as pretty a flower as ever bloomed in the wilds of Michigan. Her complexion was clear and delicate, and the rose deepened or paled on either cheek as her mind was excited or tranquil. Yet she was but a child, as you might know by the uncloubed blue of those beaming eyes, and the bright, brown curls that rested so carelessly upon her sweet childish brow, and fair white neck.

But, gentle reader, your attention a moment while we look in at this humble cottage, in an unpretending village not one hundred miles from the capitol of the State. But two words are necessary to describe everything you behold, poverty and neatness. A pale, sorrowful looking woman is sewing near the window. She is evidently in mourning, for her dress is black and her plain neat cap is tied with black ribbon. Near her on a low stool sits her youngest child, a sweet little girl some four or five years of age, and at the window opposite his mother, stands her only son, a manly boy of ten years.

"Mother," he exclaims, suddenly turning from the window, "do you think father will live a great while?"

"Why do you ask, my son?"

"Because, mother, I saw him just now stagger out of Mr. B——'s store, and he fell down twice before he got across the road." A deep sigh is the only answer, but the little girl puts her arms around her neck, and whispers, "Dear mother, you have me to comfort you, and Alice, and Herbert, and I can be so happy."

And this is the home of Alice.

Yes, light-hearted and playful as she was, Alice Wilton was the child of poverty. That curse of all others the most fatal to prosperity was upon her father's house. *He was a drunkard.* Upon the mother, therefore, devolved almost the sole care of providing for and educating her little family. She was a woman of good connexions, but in early life she had given her heart and hand to one who was not worthy of either, but who, nevertheless, promised before God and man to love, honor, and protect the companion of his choice. It is painful to trace the progress of intemperance, as with delineated hand he severs one by one the bright links of the chain of domestic love, and binds his unresisting victim in fetters more cruel than death itself. Enough to know that as years passed away the young and trusting bride, became the pale, care-worn, and broken-hearted mother. Two of her sweet babes slept in the cold earth, but three others yet remained to claim a mother's care. Of these Alice was the eldest.

With all her industry and economy, Mrs. Wilton found it impossible, without her husband's assistance, to educate her children as she wished. The part of the country in which they had settled was quite "new," and rarely did the "school-master" make his appearance in their humble village. She therefore kept Alice at her side as much as possible, and while her fingers were busy with her needle she would talk to her of her duties as a woman of her responsibility to her Creator, of life and death, of earth and heaven.

Alice was an affectionate child, and often wept at the thoughts of her mother's grief, and her father's guilt. Yet was her spirit so elastic and her disposition so wayward and even childishly playful that many thought her utterly regardless of sorrow or shame. But the mother knew the heart of her child, and once when a kind neighbor remarked upon the apparent thoughtlessness of Alice, her eyes filled with tears, and her pale lips quivered as she replied, "Ah, she is just what I was when a child, but I pray God my lot may not be her's."

At the time our story commences, Alice was just past her fifteenth year. Allen Raymond was some seven or eight years her senior, and he had known her from her infancy. In temperament he was her very opposite. Calm, quiet and thoughtful, no flash of passion ever ruffled the sweet serenity of his countenance, or dried the moisture of those dark, deep, serious eyes. He had known affliction, for consumption, that slow but faithful messenger of death, had laid, one by one, father, mother, brothers and sisters in the cold grave, and he alone was left. His heart was the fountain of the deepest and purest feelings, and none better than he could sympathise with the sorrowing. Year after year had he watched the pale, sorrow marked face of Alice toiling for a bare subsistence for herself and her helpless offspring, while the brutal husband and father used every stratagem to rob them of the little they could earn to satisfy his insatiate thirst for liquor. As he became more intimate with the family, the frank, open-hearted ingenuousness of Alice won upon his heart, till he felt that to possess and protect her would be the richest blessing he could ask. His attentions to herself and mother became daily more marked and generous, yet ever more quiet and unassuming, for he would not pain the sensitive feelings of Mrs. Wilton, by pretending charity. That excellent woman knew and admired the many virtues of young Raymond, and approved of his perseverance for her daughter. She had long felt, though she had not spoken of it to her children) that her days were numbered, and it was her most earnest wish that before her eyes should close in death, she might see her daughter the wife of Allen Raymond. This wish she had expressed to him a few days before the conversation recorded in the beginning of our story. In the meantime a lady who had been an acquaintance of Mrs. Wilton's family, but at that time a resident of Detroit, happening in the neighborhood saw Alice, became interested in her, and proposed to her mother that she should spend the coming winter with her in the city. Mrs. Wilton offered no objections, for she saw the benefits that would result to her child from such a visit, but she could not part with her till she had told her the wish nearest her heart.

"Dear mother," answered Alice, "he seems so like a brother, but perhaps I shall love him better next spring, I'll try."

Whoever pitied or favored his family, was considered by Mr. Wilton as an enemy. He therefore conceived and expressed a violent antipathy to Raymond, when it was whispered among his gossiping companions that he was trying to win the affections of his daughter. On the day that Alice was to leave her home, he came reeling into the room where Mrs. Wilton was alone.

"Wife," said he, as he seized her rudely by the arm, "wife, how dare you let that sneaking Raymond set his feet in this house when I have forbidden you to speak to him! Is it you or Alice that he dares'——

"Oh, my husband! my husband!" exclaimed the affrighted wife, for while he spoke he continued shaking her with the ferocity of a drunken savage.

"Husband," he repeated in a tone of contempt. "Mind me, then, for I am something more than husband, mind me, I say, or by——"

Here he was interrupted by Alice entering the room.

"Come here, you little vixen," he exclaimed as soon as he saw her, "come here, I want to teach you a lesson."

But the spirit of rum was fast finding its way to his brain, he became dizzy, commenced singing one of his bacchanalian songs, reeled against the wall, and finally fell to the floor, and slept the loathsome sleep of the drunkard.

There we must leave him. Our business is with Alice and her friend. Her parting conversation with Allen Raymond is already recorded, let us follow them to the city.

Mrs. L—— was a lady of fine natural abilities, well cultivated by education, and moreover she was blessed with a wealthy and affectionate husband. It was but a year since she had buried her only child, a blooming girl of twelve summers, and her husband being a officer of state, was absent much of his time on official duties. She had known Mrs. Wilton when both were young and beautiful and thoughtless as the fair creature now in her charge, and when she thought of the present painful contrast in their situations, what wonder that her heart yearned towards the young girl with almost a mother's tenderness.

Immediately on arriving at the —— Hotel where she was then boarding, Mrs. L. replenished the neat but scanty wardrobe of Alice, and then conducted her to a closet containing a well-selected library of her own.

"Now my dear child," she said, "I have not brought you here for a mere plaything. Your stay with me will be short, and if you have any desire to improve your mind, there is not a moment to be lost. You know your situation at home——"

"Enough, enough," interrupted Alice, "I know what you would say," and the tears sprang to her eyes as she clasped the hand of her friend, and pressing it warmly in her own, continued, "only guide me in the choice of books and you shall be ashamed of my progress, I promise you."

Alice was ambitious, and Mrs. L. was surprised to witness the rapid developement of energy and thought in her young and active mind.

Week after week passed away and she was deeply engaged in her studies, interrupted only by an occasional letter from Raymond, whom she still regarded with the affection of a devoted sister, but no more. With the exception of thoughts of her pale, sad mother, she was happy in her present employment, and borrowed no trouble about the future.

CHAPTER II.

Thus peacefully glided away two months, and Alice though she lost some of her sprightliness, seemed almost a different being. Mrs. L. enjoyed the privileges of society in the best circles in the city, and Alice by her natural vivacity, sweet temper and pretty face won many friends among the young and the intelligent of her own sex, and, shall we not say of the other too! We shall see. One day as she sat at dinner near Mrs. L—— she chanced to raise her eyes towards an opposite window, when their glance was interrupted by a pair of the largest and blackest ones she had ever beheld. Startled, confused, and scarcely knowing what she did, she gave a second look, but only saw that those eyes belonged to a stranger and were still fixed on her. Dinner was soon over, and by a slight effort she banished that gaze from her mind and returned to her books.

But the next day those eyes were there, and the next, and the next, and each time was their impassioned gaze riveted on the conscious but affrighted girl.

She felt frightened, she knew not why, and yet she would not absent herself from the table, nor miss those eyes from their accustomed place, oh, not for worlds!

She had seen that they belonged to a face uncommonly expressive and intelligent, that above them was a broad, clear brow, while like "breathing marble," and that ever and around that brow, clustered, "in shining curls his jet black hair." Nature had set the seal of manly beauty upon one of her noblest mould, and oh, Alice, beware! beware! there is fascination in that gaze. There is more in those wild, black, passionate eyes, than thy young heart has ever dreamed of yet!

But day by day she has met those glances till her heart is no more her own—in her dreams, in her thoughts, in her books, she saw nothing but them. She grew sad and absent-minded. Mrs. L—— quick to perceive the change in her pupil, but far

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

Mr. J. E. Welsh is our Agent at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It is very sagely said by somebody, somewhere, that when a man has nothing to say, it is the part of wisdom to say nothing. Newspaper editors, unfortunately are not always able to comply with the sound axioms of so profound a philosophy, but are compelled to talk while a corner remains unoccupied, whether there be anything to say or not. Under the appropriate heads in this day's paper, we believe that every thing of notable import is recorded, to say nothing of many matters of less moment, and having thus anticipated ourselves, there would appear to be nothing under the canopy left to "gossip" about.

We can congratulate our readers on the propitious aspect of the times—and in so doing should be but reflecting the cheerful expression of nearly every face we meet. The operation of the laws of trade and of change have gradually brought round a season of comfort, which, could it have been dovetailed into any part of the dull periods which we have gone through, would have seemed perfect happiness. And yet there are few of us who fully and properly *feel* the present general prosperity. And there are fewer, we fear, who have learned wisdom enough in the past to "make hay while the sun shines." There are few who are intent upon making provision for reverses; rather choosing to spend as they go. But if men would only learn the ant's wisdom, and make an average of their enjoyments, the propitious days of business would be as Spring and Summer to the Winter of dull times. Mutations in business and in commerce are as sure, though not certainly so regular as the alternatives of the seasons.

Nobody will thank us, however, to write a column of trite didactics on this or any other subject, while a paper so various as this week's Post is in their hands: and nobody will be the wiser, *practically* though we should rewrite the whole of "Poor Richard" over for them.

PUBLIC EXPENDITURES.

We observe that the Congressional Committee on Public Offices, recommend the addition of new buildings at Washington, the admitted cost of which will be about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. As these estimates always fall short of the actual outlay, the sum may as well be doubled at once; and even then the estimate may be expected not to exceed the outlay. We laugh at royalty, and its expensive lodgments—but it seems to take quite as much to accommodate the majesty of the people of this country, as represented in their officers, as it does to shelter royalty in England. Victoria's palaces and plate count up enormously, it is true—but the public offices in England, the Parliament Houses, perhaps, excepted, are on a more modest scale than many of our private lawyer's rooms. In docks, etc., where strength and usefulness is required, the outlay is liberal enough. Our public buildings are on a much more expensive scale than those of almost any nation; and we seem to find the same gratification for the national vanity in these things, that kingdoms do in royal palaces.

We do not speak of this to *complain* of it. Money spent in building, etc., provided it do not stick too much to the fingers of useless overseers and underlings, and kid-gloved non-operatives, is well expended. It sets up a standard of taste and elegance—or should set up such a standard, as a more liberal outlay is permitted than private means will allow. We only wish that some means could be devised to keep our Navy Yards, fortifications, armories, surveys, and river and coast improvements, in a steady and even progress. Now they go on in fits, intermitted by forced periods of suspension. During these lazy and shiftless periods of neglect, decay and disorder so impair their progress, that more money is wasted in recovering from the effects of mismanagement than would keep the whole system in constant order and progress. A fort will be built, and put in excellent order. Garrison enough is not permitted to keep the gravel walks swept, much less to answer a salute, if, indeed, there happen to be powder enough on the premises to charge a quill. As a consequence, the gun carriages rot, and the guns show interesting specimens of the oxidation of metal, until they become ordnance more dangerous to the persons at the breech than to any body else. Then come new appropriations, obtained at an immense expense of money in speech making, and at the consequence of a terrible explosion of newspaper thunder from Maine to Louisiana. More money is wasted, to put things in order to rust out again, and the whole system of coast defence is one of prodigal waste, to no earthly benefit: while our farcical parade is one of most sickening imbecility.

So in the Navy Yards. Ships are built to perish on the stocks of dry rot, or are completely coppered, and ready to launch, and then checked, just at the moment when they have reached the point when six months delay will incur half the price of a ship from the keel up, to put them in launching order. More money is thrown away in this manner than all the babble of speech mongers could earn, if the orators paid as much for the privilege of spouting as they are paid for speaking against time. A little of the common sense with which an oyster droger is kept in order, would save the nation large sums in these particulars, and prevent it from being, as at present, a laughing stock.

The proposed new building is to face the Potomac, for the use of the Navy and War Departments, to contain three stories of fourteen feet in height, each, the basement of the front and flanks to be constructed of the best granite, fourteen feet in height, the residue of the superstructure brick, with a marble portico of six columns in front. The estimated cost of the building is stated by the Committee at $98,074, exclusive of the marble portico, which it is calculated will cost $16,000, and of non-enumerated articles, which are put down at five per cent. on the main estimate; making a total of $119,774. The Committee also recommend the erection of one of the wings to the main building of the Patent Office, which were contemplated in the original plan—the office having on hand nearly sufficient funds to construct the proposed wing.

We notice also, that Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, is to be commissioned to execute busts of the Presidents, to place in some proper situation in Washington. This, too, we like. If there be any legitimate method of giving national encouragement to the fine arts—and this seems one—it should be improved. The character of a people is elevated by a proper appreciation of the efforts of mind, and familiarity with the productions of genius. Plain matter of fact forms the substantial—the potatoes and salt of national character. We must have something by way of condiment, and the Presidents in marble will make as good preservers for the national table as any other. Vanity must have its vent—and it is decidedly well to give it expression in a poetical and refined manner.

Therefore, oh legislators, give us marble busts of Presidents, national pictures and handsome national buildings—but do not forget to let us have a more tolerable system of expenditures than at present, in the necessary branches of the public service. Let us see no more mechanics turned adrift just at winter fall, and no more waste of the public money by neglect and peculation. Let us have no petty peddling retrenchments in salaries—such as are contemplated by a certain batch of bills which ought not to pass. No stated salary in our public service is too high to procure honest service; and any "saving" in nominal payments may lead to what is vulgarly called "stealings," or more politely "perquisites" to make up the balance. Particularly ought the foreign representatives of a nation like this to have balances sufficient to support reasonable state. Ben Franklin could be presented at court in blue stockings and pewter shoe buckles—but we have few Ben Franklins in commission now; neither are we, as we were in his time in the attitude of a war impoverished people. "There are differences, look you," as Parson Hugh saith, and those differences are always to be looked after in drawing parallels.

DEATH OF DR. DUPONCEAU.

On Monday morning last the well understood badges of mourning upon the mansion of Peter Stephen Duponceau, L.L. D., announced to the passengers that the venerable proprietor and tenant was no more; and on Thursday all of him that was mortal, was committed to the earth in the Presbyterian Cemetery in Arch street. The funeral cortege embraced besides the personal friends of the deceased and family, the members of the American Philosophical Society; of the Historical Society; of the Athenæum; of the Law Academy; and other Scientific and Literary Institutions, and of the French Benevolent Society; the Honorable the Judges of the several Courts; the members of the Bar, and of the Society of the Cincinnati, and the Officers of the Army and Navy, and of the first division of Pennsylvania Militia.

Dr. Duponceau died at about one o'clock on Monday morning, at the age of eighty-four. His disease was a neglected case of bronchitis, and he had only for a short period previous remitted the close and severe habits of study which had been the habit of his life, and had placed him among the most learned men in the world. Having the honor of Fellowship in most of the learned societies in Europe and in the United States, he was President of the American Philosophical Society, the Pennsylvania Society, the Athenæum, the Law Academy, and of some other institutions of like character. At the time of his death Dr. D. was the senior member of the Philadelphia bar, though for many years he had done nothing in the profession. His decease was announced in the Supreme Court, in the United States Court, and in the District Court and Common Pleas of the City and County, and each of those tribunals adjourned, as a mark of respect for his memory, and directed suitable notices of the fact to be entered on their respective minutes.

Dr. Duponceau was a Frenchman by birth, a native of Bordeaux. He came to this country as Secretary of Baron Steuben, in 1777. Though only sixteen years of age, he entered the army, and continued in it with his chivalric countrymen, until he reached the rank of Major. Ill health compelled him to resign his commission, and we next find him in the service of the country as under-Secretary of State. The house is still standing in Sixth street, and still remains attached to his estate, in which he was present at the interviews of the British and American Commissioners to establish the treaty with Great Britain. His acquaintance with the leading men of that period enabled him to depict, down almost to the last hours of his life, the events and characters of that era with graphic distinctness; as he mingled on terms of equality with the "giants of those days," and we hope that among his numerous papers will be found some memoranda of that period.

At the close of the war of the Revolution, he entered upon the study of law in this city, and pursued the profession until about the year 1824, when having met with legal distinction enough to satisfy his ambition, and with great pecuniary success, he retired to pursuits more congenial, the cultivation of his taste, and the enlargement of his acquisitions in philosophy and letters. His life was a practical contradiction to the fallacy so prevalent in this country, that a man, after a certain period of life, may not continue the pursuit of knowledge. Probably it may be truly said, that down to the latest hours when he took his long accustomed seat in his library, his mind still looked forward and onward in its reachings after intellectual improvement.

We have understood that the deceased has left behind him a large mass of MSS. on various subjects. His published works may be found in the Transactions of the Philosophical, the Historical, and other societies, of which he was a member, and in memoirs presented to foreign and distant societies upon various subjects. He has left no man behind him who had so thorough an acquaintance with the dialects, structure, and analogies of the Indian languages on this continent, as he. His valuable and curious work on the subject, the assistance he gave to Heckewelder, and a mass of unpublished correspondence, show a knowledge of the Indian dialects, truly wonderful.

Dr. Duponceau was a classical scholar of the most critical and exact kind, and had also pushed his researches into Oriental Literature, farther, perhaps, than any man who has not made Oriental Literature almost his sole study. His disquisition upon the nature of the Cochin Chinese figurative writing was one of the first to clear the dust from that family; and his acquaintance with the Indo-Germanic dialects made the modern languages of Europe perfectly easy of acquisition to him. He could not only converse fluently in all, or nearly all, but he could read the national history in the history of each tongue, and show national changes by the gradual changes of dialect and usage. In a word, he possessed such a knowledge of Universal Grammar, and such a familiarity with its general principles, as makes so much a part of the ideas, (we had almost said intuition) of the mind, that it can neither be put on paper in the form of rules, nor acquired in any other way than by close, long, and unremitted study. If the figure may be considered allowable, it may be said that he had mastered the foundations of the temple of Babel, and learning a new language was to him only replacing a brick in the niche to which he clearly saw that it belonged.

His treatise on Jurisdiction, and various reviews, &c., are proofs of his legal acquirements, and his historical lore, particularly in relation to this city and State, is shown in various papers, and in the translation of the "History of New Sweden," by Campanius. In his attachments he was an ardent patriot, in his social relations the beloved of all who knew him. He had long stepped aside from active life, his last public effort being a eulogy on Lafayette, pronounced at the time of the funeral honors paid to that patriot in this city. A large circle of old friends hung about him to the last, and the few young men of two or three generations had successively admired his colloquial talent at imparting his knowledge. All the world without reverenced the sage; and even the heedless school boy passed the one story library building in the rear of his house, with a feeling of veneration for the octogenarian student, whose white hairs were casting shadows within on his inseparable companion, a book.

A RIGHTEOUS VERDICT.

A fellow named Colton, the keeper of a gambling house in New York, has had a verdict of $4,325 and costs, with interest, awarded against him, in a suit brought by the firm of Dow & Ginteau. The ground of the action was to recover monies which the clerk of the firm had filched from his employers, and spent, or lost, at Colton's. The suit is somewhat a novel one, but the principle is as old as equity. In strict justice, we do not know that a city ought not to be held liable for permitting such demoralizing nuisances to exist.

LATER FROM CHINA.

By the Stephen Furman, Capt. Baxter, at New York, we have Chinese dates to the 12th of December, and subjoin such items as have general interest.

No mention was made whether Mr. Cushing, our minister had arrived. It is presumed he had not.

The Register has been transferred to Hong Kong, and is now published as the "Hong Kong, late Canton Register." The latest number is chiefly filled with official notices and extracts from Pekin Gazettes—from which we copy such as are of commercial or general interest.

Victory to the Imperial Arms.—The imperial arms have obtained a decided advantage over the mountaineers of Kokonor, who for a long while most obstinately resisted the Chinese authorities, and at one time even threatened an invasion of the neighboring provinces of Szechun. Several Mongol Chiefs who gave assistance to the regular soldiers, and by their bravery and perseverance broke the spirit of the rebels, are to be promoted, and to receive all the cattle they took, as a reward.

Inundation.—Both in August and toward the latter end of September the inundation in Ganhway as well as Honan, was fearful beyond all former experience, immersing whole districts and spreading devastation throughout the land. The tenor of all the memorials upon this subject is heart-rending, and the Emperor has ordered that a large sum of money be forthwith sent in order to relieve the sufferers from starvation. The annual examinations have been stopped for the present, until the waters have subsided, and all the officers, from the Governor down, entrusted with the construction of the dykes along the banks of the Yellow River, are sentenced to very severe punishment.

The importation of saltpetre, according to an imperial decree, instead of as hitherto being restricted, is to be encouraged at all the five ports, as it can be brought and sold to Government agents at a far cheaper rate than it could be manufactured in China.

Camphor, (according to the decision of the superintendent of Customs at Amoy,) if for foreign exportation has to pay a double duty, by the native dealer as well as by the buyer.

Criminals sentenced to death for opium-smoking, are again to be reported at the Imperial Autumnal revision of all cases of capital punishment.

WHO IS RIGHT?

About a year ago, Judge Lewis, of Lycoming county, in a case in which the right of a parent to control his child's religious worship was involved, decided that during the minority of a child the duty of filial obedience takes precedence, and therefore that a parent has a right to obedience in this as in other points.

But another judge decides differently. Judge Banks, in a case tried in Lehigh county, gives an opinion precisely the reverse of Judge Lewis. The merits of the case were briefly thus: It appears that a father entered a Methodist Episcopal Church for his daughter, a girl of fifteen years of age, took her by the arm, raised her from her knees and told her to come home. This produced excitement, which terminated in violence and assault and battery, upon which an indictment was found and the case tried.

In the opinion of Judge Banks, given on this occasion, the Constitution guaranties the right of every individual to adopt any creed or mode of worship which his conscience approves, though this liberty of conscience is restricted to the worship of Almighty God, and extends to no other worship whatever. The Constitution declares that "no human authority can, in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience." The exercise of parental authority by a father, so as to control or interfere with the rights of conscience of a minor child would, in Judge Banks' opinion, be an exercise of human authority, so as to control or interfere with the rights of conscience in a particular case, whereas it is declared, that it cannot be done in any case whatever. This, he says, is the fundamental law of the land. It is binding upon all parents.

This is somewhat a knotty point to decide—but it is fortunately a case which can never occur in a family where both father and child have enough of the true spirit of religion to perform their several duties.

LATE FROM MEXICO.

Via New Orleans we have dates from Mexico to March 11th. The New British Minister had just arrived at Vera Cruz.

It was stated that serious difficulties were apprehended with France—continual "apprehension," being the fate of any nation whose rulers act from arbitrary caprice. One of the points at issue is the claim of indemnity for $3,000,000 from Mexico for the expenses of the war which ended with the capture of San Juan de Ulloa, in 1838. Further, complaint is made against the recent decree of Santa Ana, prohibiting the retail trade to foreigners, which confiscates goods imported under former laws. The French Minister declares that this decree is contrary to the law of nations. An express arrived from Mexico on the 7th inst, from the French Minister, with despatches for the commander of the Brilliante, the purport of which, it is said, is to request him to delay his projected departure, and to assemble his forces now in the Gulf at Vera Cruz. All eyes at the latter place were turned toward the British Minister, just arrived; for it was thought that on his arrival at the city of Mexico, there would be a meeting of the Foreign Ministers, and decided steps taken in relation to the recent obnoxious decrees.

The persons who left New Orleans some months since, to search for treasures supposed to be buried near Vera Cruz, have returned. Their movements excited the suspicion of the Mexican authorities, and they were arrested on a charge of conspiring to assassinate Santa Ana; but released, it appears, for want of evidence of any crime but folly.

Mr. Joseph Greenham, a native of New York, and one of the richest merchants in the Republic of Mexico, died at Vera Cruz on the 6th inst. He was the owner of some ten or twelve cotton factories, and his fortune was estimated at $5,000,000.

PUNGENTS.

The use of pungents in church, to keep sleepy ladies awake, has long been known and "universally approved," as the medicine advertisements say. There are other uses for hartshorn, however, as will appear from the experience of Dr. A. H. Thornton, of Conyngham, Luzerne Co. The Columbian Enquirer states that on the 14th ultimo, the doctor had been on a professional visit, and, on his return became benighted, and finally lost his path in a swamp. While endeavoring to find his way from the swamp, on foot, he encountered a huge *wolf*. Retreat was out of the question, but by loosening one of his riding leggings, and infusing it with spirits of *hartshorne*, he succeeded in keeping him at bay, walking backward all night! At day-break, the wolf disappeared. The doctor, in a state of utter exhaustion, finally succeeded in reaching a habitation at four o'clock in the afternoon, when he told his story and fainted.

The doctor should have kept up by smelling at the garters with which he had treated the wolf. Some of our contemporaries would seem to doubt this story, but we confess that it looks as if it might very well be true. There is an authentic anecdote of a Scottish surgeon in the East Indian army, who was beset by a tiger in a jungle, just as he (the surgeon, not the tiger) was about to take a pinch of snuff. The surgeon, having no desire to be eaten without a struggle, threw the contents of his snuff-mull into the tiger's eyes, and the animal turned howling, and bounded away, just stopping occasionally to have a scratch at his own irritated peepers, like a cat in the ashes. It is also said (though for this we do not vouch) that by sprinkling pepper over a heap of oysters, you may make the testaceous luxuries sneeze themselves out of their own shells, "peppered to taste."

SNOW.

We had quite a snow flurry in this vicinity some time between Saturday evening and Sunday morning last, but it was soon off the ground, when the sun rose. At Albany, N. Y., and in its vicinity, the astonished burghers on Saturday last found snow upon the ground eight inches in depth. It has been remarked by some of the observers of the weather, that all along the Atlantic Coast the season is, this year, later than in the interior.

THE ARMY.

The House of Representatives, on Thursday week, adopted by a very strong vote, a proposition to discharge the supernumerary second Lieutenants on the 4th of July next. While the question was pending, Mr. Black, of South Carolina, whose attention has been particularly directed to this subject, presented a condensed view of the present army organization, from which it appears that there are—

Commissioned Officers,	733
Sergeants,	600
Corporals,	260
Sergeant Majors,	14
Quartermasters Sergeants,	14
	[illegible]
Commissioned and non-commissioned,	[illegible]
Musicians,	200
Artificers and blacksmiths,	100
Ordnance, enlisted men,	250
Privates,	[illegible]
	[illegible]

Or one commissioned and two non-commissioned officers to every ten privates in the Army, and this in addition to the supernumeraries, which the amendment proposed to dispense with. It is to be recollected, however, that our peace army is intended as a skeleton. The soldiers are the flesh, which is put on in case of need—the officers are the bones, which must always be there. In this view the disproportion does not seem so striking.

APPOINTMENTS.

The following appointments have been made by the President of the United States, by and with the consent of the Senate:

James C. Palmer, to be Surgeon in the Navy from the 27th October, 1841.

James D. Wasson, to be Deputy Postmaster at Albany, New York.

Thos. J. Marvin, to be Deputy Postmaster at Saratoga Springs, New York.

James Belknap, to be Deputy Postmaster at Newburgh, New York.

Samuel Henderson, to be Deputy Postmaster at Indianapolis, Indiana.

Manuel Simon Cucullu, to be Collector of the Customs for the District of Mississippi, in the State of Louisiana, in place of Greenbury Dorsey, rejected by the Senate.

William O'Hara Robinson, to be Attorney of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, vice Cornelius Darragh, resigned.

Thomas C. Lyon, to be Attorney of the United States for the Eastern District of Tennessee, vice Crawford W. Hall, rejected by the Senate.

And the following by the Governor of this State:

Master Warden of the port of Philadelphia; Patrick Hayes. Assistant Warden; James M. Linnard, Evans Rogers, P. Barry Hayes, Richard F. Loper, Joseph Kay, Abraham P. Eyre, and Isaac W. Norris. Benjamin Huggins and John J. Krider, removed.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

We find in the New York Sun, a story which fairly staggers belief. It is stated that as a porter in the employ of Mr. A. Comstock, No. 162 Water street, New York, was at work a day or two since, in the fourth story of that building, he accidentally made a mis-step, and fell through the hatchway, the doors of which were open the entire distance to the lower floor. He descended with great velocity until within about ten feet of the bottom, when, singular to relate, the hook attached to the end of the rope caught him by the leg and arrrested his further progress. It entered his leg directly behind the knee, making a dreadful gash of three or four inches, from which the blood flowed profusely. Medical aid was immediately obtained, and he is now, we understand, doing well. The hook was of the ordinary size and shape, with a large knot directly above it, and it seems almost miraculous that any portion of the body should have been caught by it. Had not this been the case, the poor fellow must have been killed the next instant.

LARGE ROBBERY.

We find in the New York papers an account of the plunder of $17,000 from a stranger by two rogues. The victim was a Mr. Stephen Chamblin. He had sold his property in Exeter, Washington county, New York, and was on his way to Ohio to invest it there, when he fell in with these harpies. They tried, during the day, to induce him to play the thimble game, and also practised the *drop* game on him, but neither would do; they feigned, for a *dernier* resort, intoxication, and while he was assisting them home, they took his money. He is absolutely in a state of distraction, having left a wife and large family in Rhode Island, and lost all he had acquired by many years of hard labor. How, after the warnings he must have received from their conduct, he could undertake to show them home, is more than we can comprehend.

STRANGE ELOPEMENT.

We learn from the Wilmington Gazette the particulars of a most singular elopement, disappearance or abduction which took place in that city last week. It appears that a farmer from Chester county drove, with his wife, into the yard of one of the public houses in the lower part of the city, and whilst he was unharnessing his horse his "rib" sloped off. Never having before been in the city, the husband thought she had got lost, and gone home, but to his great surprise he was mistaken here also, as he returned the next morning, and started the bellman in search of "his lost wife." We have not as yet learned whether or no she has been found. We suspect the poor fellow may as well "give it up so," and nurse his children himself hereafter.

FOOL HARDINESS.

We observe that a man in England, named Ferguson, the keeper of a menagerie at Bolton, was found recently in the cage of leopard quite dead and dreadfully mangled. He had a whip in his hand, and it is supposed that he had ventured into the den for the purpose of training the animal, a la Carter or Van Amburgh.

A pro pos des brutes—we think it nearly time that some discouragement should be given to the brutal exhibitions which are so common in this country. Lion tamers are advancing upon their old feats. It is not enough for the men alone to go into the cages of wild animals, but women are taken in with them, and pet tigers are carried about, to the manifest danger of heedless boys, and other incautious persons.

ANOTHER JUMP.

Mesmerism does not seem content with making anything like moderate progress in absurdity, but takes big jumps to the ridiculous, under the direction of some, at least, of its professors. We learn from Boston that a Mesmeriser there has made what he regards as a "most interesting discovery." He proposes to demonstrate that impressible persons are effected by contact with a letter, and that the influence which they feel is similar to that of the temperament or character of the writer, and the state of his faculties at the time of writing! This is quite equal to the man bathing at Calais, France, who was mesmerised by another bathing at Dover, Eng., neither party knowing that the other was in the water!

A POET'S HOME.

We learn from the Boston Courier that the building which was Washington's Head Quarters, at Cambridge, Mass., has recently become the property and residence of Professor Longfellow. It is understood that the apartments in the house, which were occupied by Washington, have undergone no alteration in the walls or ceiling since that time, and that the Professor will suffer no changes in their architecture to make them conform to modern fashion. It is also said that he intends to enrich one room, at least, with furniture that has been in the possession of Washington.

HAYTI.

Late news from this Island, bring accounts of a new rebellion. The inhabitants of St. Domingo had risen, *en masse*, and run up the Columbian colors in that city. All the government troops at Jacmel had gone to Port au Prince, or Port Republicanna, to put down the rebels. It would have been better for the Island to have continued President Boyer in his seat.

THE TEXAN MINISTER.

Hon. Mr. Henderson, the associate Minister from the Republic of Texas, has arrived at Washington—at last, and taken lodgings like another man we suppose. The feverish flurry which preceded his arrival, appears to have gone off, like the last snow storm; and during the present session we suspect little more will be heard about Texas.

ANTI DRACO.

The "American Society for the Collection and Diffusion of Information in relation to the Punishment of Death," have commenced at New York a periodical, under the title which heads this paragraph. The price is only twenty-five cents a year—and orders may be addressed to John L. O'Sullivan, Corresponding Secretary. The officers of the Society are—

William C. Bryant, President; John B. Scott, Morris Franklin, Vice Presidents; Benjamin Ellis, Treasurer; Josiah Hopper, Recording Secretary; John L. O'Sullivan, Corresponding Secretary; Horace Greely, Samuel H. Tilden, Parke Godwin, Jacob Harsen, William H. Channing, Committee of Five.

FOLLOW THE LEAD.

We notice that contributions have been made in New Orleans, for the aid of the children of the late Sumner Lincoln Fairfield. We hope the example will be extensively followed in other cities, and the money properly invested and guarded for their benefit. It was unfortunately of little use to assist poor Fairfield while he lived; but his children may be cared for, and there is much in their peculiarly destitute situation to appeal to the sympathies of the humane. Fairfield's poetry—for which whether by his own fault or not, he never was paid—deserves this much, at least, of his countrymen.

THE CABINET.

Mr. Calhoun arrived in Washington on Friday week, and was received with the utmost cordiality and pleasure, by men of all parties. Probably no man in the country possesses more of the respect of all parties than Mr. C. He has already entered upon the duties of his office. The Cabinet, again complete, is as follows: John C. Calhoun, of S. C., Secretary of State; J. C. Spencer, of N. Y., Secretary of the Treasury; William Wilkins, of Pa., Secretary of War; John Y. Mason, of Va., Secretary of the Navy; C. A. Wickliffe, of Ky., Postmaster General; J. Nelson, of Md., Attorney General.

QUITE A CHANGE.

During the year 1784 an American vessel was seized in Liverpool, for having on board eight bales of cotton. It was alleged that so much cotton could not be the product of the United States; and that therefore it must, in part at least, have been brought from British India. Now India cotton is scarcely heard of.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

This fine old lady, now past seventy years of age, is in London, and about, it is said, to publish a new novel. We had rather read it than a book by any young women of them all. If any body by her pen has done good, not only in her own day and generation, but for posterity, that woman is Maria Edgeworth.

MILITARY EXCURSION.

The Wayne Artillerists, under the command of Col. J. B. Fairlamb, will visit Wilmington, Delaware, on the 3rd of July next. They will march to the battle ground on the banks of the Brandywine, during their stay in Wilmington, and return to Philadelphia on the 6th.

Glimpses Abroad.

THE STATE OF EUROPE.
BY A CORRESPONDENT.

As regards the position of England and the United States, nothing appears to be more preposterous than the belief that she will either on the Oregon question, or on that of the annexation of Texas, go to war with us. England desires nothing so much as peace with the United States. A war with America always resembles more or less a civil war, and never comands the hearty co-operation of the British nation. No other war cripples her commerce half so much, dries up the fountains of her wealth, and destroys the principal markets for her manufactures. A writer in the Examiner, very justly observed that an English force might just as well be marched down to Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, and so forth, as a fleet ordered to blockade the coast of the United States; the result would inevitably be the same in the end.

Ever since the Declaration of Independence we have been the best customers of England; and if Texas and Oregon be to-morrow settled by enterprising Americans, it will only serve, as far as she is concerned, to extend the markets for her manufactures. England is the workshop of the world; but the thought of being the mistress of it, she will have to resign in common with all great powers that attempted universal domination.

In a war with America, England has no other prospect but to lose, and what is more, to lose irrecoverably. A war with the United States, cannot be one of conquest; for this, even if such a thing were possible, would not be tolerated by the other powers of Europe, and certainly not by France and Russia. It would only act as a protective or rather prohibitory tariff against English and in favor of American industry. It would start and foster manufactories which would not go down again with the conclusion of peace, and offer advantages to the manufacturers on the Continent, such as they could never obtain by treaties of commerce and navigation.

A war with England would *retard* our progress; but it would *destroy* the prosperity of England. Compared to the British form of government, ours is excessively simple. There is no danger of disturbing its complicated machinery, or suspending its motion by too great a pressure on any of its parts. Not so with the British Government, with its thousand wheels and patent lever movements. Disturb one of its seemingly most unimportant parts and the whole machinery must quickly come to a stand.

Our great national force, our ammunition and warlike stores, our magazines of provision, our recruiting population are west of the Alleghenies, beyond the reach of an invading force, a far greater distance from the sea-coast, than any British army will ever be fool-hardy enough to advance; and as to the threat of destroying one or more of our Atlantic cities, such an act of wanton, useless, cruel barbarity could not be perpetrated without rousing the indignation of the world. Even in the late civil war between the Dutch and the Belgians, the city of Antwerp was spared. Such acts are not committed, in the nineteenth century, by a Christian power without producing such burst of universal detestation as even England would find it prudent to eschew. But even the burning of our cities would, in the end, fall more heavily on the manufacturing population of England than on our own. England, therefore, will not go to war with us for slight reasons, and certainly not without obtaining from the rest of Europe, a verdict of approval of her course. It is for this reason that she sought to establish the quintuple alliance previous to sending Lord Ashburton to America to negotiate the late treaty.

France is unfortunately in that position in which there is very little prospect of amelioration through legislative and legitimate means. Though her commerce is flourishing, her manufactures increasing, and the means of communication multiplying, though arts and sciences are encouraged, and the system of education improved from day to day, there is yet a degree of uneasiness and discontentedness in the mass of the population which forebodes mischief. The present energetic king of France, with a skill almost superhuman, and a degree of tact which seldom falls to the lot of a ruler, has improved the condition of the French people in every direction; but he has not flattered their national vanity; or rather he has wounded it on several occasions. This does not injure him, but his dynasty, in spite of the fortification of Paris. Paris is France, and what French general, with the prestige of his nation about him, would dare command its destruction? And what soldiers, we would ask, would feel willing to obey such a call? The French troops of the line have almost uniformly refused firing on the people; they are of the people and return to it after a very few years of service. They are not enlisted, as in England, as a separate corps; but drafted for the service generally from the population capable of carrying arms. It was the saving of Paris which made Henry IV. king of France; the opposite course would have ruined him.

It is so ordained by a wise dispensation of Providence that every evil carries its own punishment or remedy with it. Large standing armies are the only means by which despotic governments can subjugate the masses; but these large armies cannot be raised except by the system of conscription from the population at large, which in turn nationalizes the army. Let England have a standing army as large as that of France, raised and organized in the same manner, and her institutions would not be safe for a single moment.

In the German states domestic industry seems to flourish; but liberty is sadly retrograding. It is a sad thing for a loyal people to lose completely all confidence in their rulers, and for the rulers continually to distrust the people. The liberty of the press has been completely put down, the representative forms of government trampled on wherever they are introduced, and the perpetrators of political crimes persecuted with the most unrelenting severity. This, with the prospect of an eruption in France, and the unquiet state of Italy renders the position of that country somewhat precarious.

The proposed treaty between the United States and the states of the German tariff league, seems to have met with some unforeseen obstacle, and was not concluded in four weeks, as we were led to infer from the despatches of Mr. Wheaton. Mr. W. probably did not take into consideration the extreme opposition of Austria to the spreading influence of the league, and the fact that unless the states on the North Sea join the league any treaty between it and this country must necessarily prove nugatory. That matter, therefore, will for some time yet remain under consideration.

Austria is scarcely able to master the growing nationalities within her extended empire. The Hungarians organize from day to day more as a separate nation, and they form more than one-third of the whole Austrian monarchy. In Transylvania the influence of Russia is daily becoming more apparent. That State it is more than likely will be detached from the monarchy and swallowed up by Russia to which it is allied by origin and religion. The Italian states of Austria can never be relied on, do for them what you may. No foreign power since the thirteenth century has as yet been popular beyond the Alps.

Denmark, Holland and Sweden are merely tolerated powers; the latter has been for the last thirty years completely under Russian influence; and this was, perhaps, the best thing *Bernadotte* could do to perpetuate his dynasty.

Russia is the only power of Europe which is really increasing in wealth, prosperity, and influence. When her great railroads shall be completed she will not only be able to *take* Constantinople whenever she pleases; for that she may do now—but to keep it, in spite of the efforts of England. No other power except the United States has advanced so steadily and uniformly as Russia; but if we believe the latest writers on that country it is even the progress of civilization which will ultimately destroy that centralization which is the soul of all her movements.

Spain will continue in a disturbed state until a great statesman shall have seized upon the reins of government. The masses are desirous of peace; the population of the country care little, and are probably unfit for constitutional freedom; while the cities are governed by republican factions, or like Barcelona, completely at the mercy of the manufacturing population. English and French influences alternately prevail; but the latter seems at this moment to have attained the ascendancy.

Portugal is an English province ever since the Methuen treaty of 1712, with an occasional revolt of a discontented and idle soldiery. "If every officer from the generals down to the lieutenants were shot," said Don Pedro, "there would be no better army in the world for its number than the Portuguese." Unfortunately there is no hope of a speedy consummation of so pious a wish.

Poland has unfortunately no future. The idea of separating nationalities cannot be realized in the present age.

Local Intelligence.

THE WASHINGTON HOUSE.

This Hotel, in Chesnut above Seventh street, kept by W. J. Hartwell, was built by Doctor Swaim, in a very superior style of accommodation. Though a new house, encouraged by the patronage which so distinguishes it, Mr. Hartwell, has commenced enlarging and improving it in a way that will, at least, double its present advantages and comforts. We will, when the work is completed, cheerfully announce its details. Meantime the patrons of this House from the South, will find on their arrival here the coming season, enlargements and comforts which will not fail to give great and increased satisfaction.

IMPROVED PRESS.

Mr. T. F. Adams, the Philadelphia agent, has just put in operation in the Sun office, one of Taylor's Improved Double Cylinder Presses. It is a good press, works well, and with rapidity, and throws off a good impression.

METHODIST EPISCOPALIANS.

The annual session of the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church commenced in this city on Wednesday. We shall be able next week probably to publish the appointments.

Injunction Refused.—Judge Huston, in the Nisi Prius branch of the Supreme Court, on the equity side, has refused the application of the City of Philadelphia for an injunction against the District of Spring Garden, to compel them to desist from taking water from the Schuylkill river, above the dam, by means of works now in process of erection, for the use of the inhabitants of said district. The refusal of the Court is not absolute. The city authorities filed a bill in equity setting forth the matter in controversy, and praying for an injunction, which, after an elaborate argument, the Court has refused to grant until the answer of the authorities of Spring Garden has been filed. The application for the interference of the Court by injunction will then be re-argued, and the whole merits of the case finally decided upon.

Launch.—On Tuesday last, was launched, a barque of about three hundred tons burthen, built for New York, and intended for the Rio Janeiro trade, under the superintendence of Captain Bliffins, who is to command her. The style of workmanship and finish is alike creditable to the builders and owners, she being, in every respect, a first class vessel, and an honor to the city. Two or three more vessels are about to be commenced at the same yard.

Death by a Horse.—Mr. James Dunn, aged seventy-three, was last week killed in Eighth street, while attempting to stop a runaway saddle horse. The horse jumped over Mr. D., striking him with his feet, and fracturing his right shoulder and dreadfully injuring him about the head. He was taken up in a lifeless condition and carried into the drug store of Dr. Martin, where he expired.

Reward.—The citizens of the Third Ward, Spring Garden, have offered a reward of $200 for the apprehension and conviction of the persons who destroyed the Good Will Hose Carriage on Tuesday week. This makes a reward of $500, with the $300 offered by the Board of Commissioners of Spring Garden. The particulars of the outrage were published last week.

☞ George P. Fisher and Calvin Case have been held to bail in this city, in the sum of $500 each, by the U. S. Marshall for this district, as agents for the transmission of letters in violation of law, by Lysander Spooner's American Letter Mail Company.

Manslaughter.—The boy Williams, indicted for the murder of another boy in market, in a quarrel, reported some time since in this paper, has been convicted of *involuntary manslaughter*. Sentence is to be pronounced on Saturday of this week.

☞ Counterfeit quarter-dollars are in circulation in this city. They are admirably made and skilfully plated, so that none but a very experienced eye can detect them.

Heavy Robbery.—On Wednesday evening, two saddle-bags, containing in specie and notes about $3,000, were stolen from a vehicle in Front street, between Chesnut and Walnut. Three hundred of the money was in silver, and one hundred in gold. The notes were principally of the Trenton and New Jersey and New York banks. The notes were in a russet leather wallet, and the specie in two shot or specie bags.

☞ The English Lindens in front of the State House are doomed to the axe; the worm has destroyed all their beauty, and three or four of their number have been cut down, and their places supplied by fine young trees—maples and magnolias—of American growth.

☞ Approval of the remission of Gen. Jackson's fine was testified by salutes in this city, on Monday, and by a Democratic Jubilee in the saloon of the Chinese Museum in the evening.

☞ The first boat load of coal from Pottsville, arrived at Fairmount, on Thursday, the 28th ult., which is twenty-three days earlier than the first arrival last season.

☞ One hundred and twenty-six permits to erect new buildings, have been issued by the city this year—nearly a hundred more than for the same time last year.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, England, March 3, 1844.

There is a gloom over the fashionable circles, or rather the Courts of both England and France, owing to the mournings ordered for the death of the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, the father of Prince Albert.

The ball that had been ordered at the Tuileries, was very courteously put off, and all the refreshments that were prepared, were given to the poor of Paris. Previously to the news of that event, there had been much gaiety in Paris—two balls, a concert, and a play, (just before Lent) having been given by the Court; while the Princess Czartouska gave a ball for the "poor Poles," for which eighteen hundred tickets were sold at twenty francs each. Mr. Jessup, an English gentleman, gave a superb ball and supper at Lawson's, to all the English who are *comme il faut*, in Paris. Between six hundred and seven hundred fashionables were present. The singular festival and procession of "*Le Bœuf Gras*," was also very striking and attractive this year. This grotesque anniversary has continued with very little change, since the time of the Ancient Gauls, when it was symbolical of their worship of the Zodiacal sign "Taurus." An enormous white ox was the principal and most appropriate feature of the procession, a young boy fancifully attired, representing the "God of the butchers," Knights of St. John of Jerusalem in armor, with representatives of other knights companions, formed part of the cavalcade—but the most striking of all, were the Olympian deities in cars—to wit, Apollo, Minerva, Mars, Hercules, Ceres, &c., with the Genius of Paris, wearing a mural crown. It is strange, that even to this day, there are the remains of many Pagan superstitions in Europe. For example, at Helstone, in Cornwall, there is an Annual Floral Festival, derived from the ancient Phonicians, when their "ships traded to Britain for tin." In the North of England and Scotland, about Whit-suntide, are the the "Beltane" (Baal-time—Druidical) feasts and dances, engrafted upon our more enlightened age, though they are relics of the worship of Baal. But I digress. To return to the exalted ranks of the present day.

We have an *on dit*, to the effect that the marriage of the Queen of Spain, with a Prince of the Royal Family of Naples, is broken off, and that a union of Isabella with the Duke of Cadiz, is seriously contemplated. Queen Christina mourns the death of her sister, although it must be admitted that said sister, during her life-time, sedulously did her utmost to annoy Christina. The death of the Infanta will probably bring about a reconciliation between the Infant and his daughter, the Countess Garowski, whose elopement from a Convent about two years ago, created so great a sensation. The young couple have since been living quietly at Brussels. On the late marriage of the Russian Princess to the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Emperor gave the bride a set of diamonds worth £75,000.

Talking of plate, I see that the Royal plate at Windsor Castle, is estimated at several millions sterling. It is the accumulation of many ages, and from all parts of the world. All the Court parties, levees, *re-unions* and coteries, presenting the attire of mourning, and being otherwise subdued in character, as befits the season of Lent—there is but little worthy of remark to American ladies in the matter of costume. The displays of diamonds, however, brilliantly contrasting with the black dresses, have been very superb. Black lace flounces on white or grey satin, have been all the rage, with sleeves *a la religieuse*. A letter from a Parisian *modiste* says: "Ball dresses in general, assume more and more, a character of bygone days, and with their loopings-up and tight sleeves, only want hoops and powder, to give pretty much the costume of an Opera Shepherdess of the olden time."

It seems that the French Court and Government are immensely gratified at the refusal of the Queen of England to receive the visits of the *Duc de Bordeaux*, or as he is baptised by the *eau-benite de Cour*—the "Pretender."

A few important statistics have recently been presented to Parliament, throwing some light on trade, exports, &c. It appears that the exports of manufactured articles (declared value only) were—

In 1843	£44,799,503
In 1842	40,785,350
In 1841	44,059,358

As an interesting feature on your side of the Atlantic, I give the exports of manufactured cottons. They were—

In 1843	£16,248,750
Cotton Yarn	7,191,870
	£23,440,620

In the preceding year they were—

Cotton manufactures exported in 1842	£13,907,884
Do. Cotton Yarn	7,771,464
	£21,679,348

So you will perceive that the increase is very considerable; and I am happy to say that trade in all its branches, is unusually brisk. Then we have an account of the amount of promissory notes at present in circulation. Thus:

In England,	£30,298,571
In Ireland,	6,010,565
In Scotland,	2,798,403
Total,	[illegible]

The bullion in the Bank of England, is £16,000,000 sterling, the largest amount, I believe, ever known; and there never was so much specie in circulation as at this time.

We have lately had a singular relation with reference to a Jewish Synagogue at Ramsgate. Mr. Hyam Isaacs, a converted Jew, recently stated in a lecture, that some years ago, Sir Moses Montefiore, while journeying through the Mediterranean to the Holy Land, was chased by a pirate. In his distress, he vowed to the Almighty that if he were delivered, he would build a Synagogue to the Most High, wherever he might first land in Europe. He was delivered, and landed at Ramsgate, but as there were not ten Jews in the town (the smallest number that will authorise the erection of a Synagogue)—Sir Moses built ten houses, in which he placed ten Jewish families, allowing each of them one guinea per week, besides their pleasant cottages rent free. He then built his promised Synagogue.

While on religious subjects, it may, perhaps, interest you to learn, that Lord Manners and others who espouse Dr. Pusey's views, are said to be about to establish a Protestant Monastery at Much Wenlock, Salop. The new Catholic Cathedral at Lambeth, close to the Bishop of London's palace, is rapidly approaching completion. It is 250 feet long, 80 wide, and will have a steeple 320 feet high. The whole expense is defrayed by voluntary contributions.

Adjoining the Cathedral, there is a Convent for the Sisters of Mercy, and a school for three hundred children.

National education here progresses. The National Education Board will this year grant £75,000. Last year, it was much less. The Congregationalists intend to raise £250,000 for the education of their children. The subscription in aid of the National Education Society, already amounts to £141,000. The cause is good, and may it prosper!

I perceive that a donation of £500 is announced as having been received by the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, from Mrs. and the Misses Lennox, of New York, in aid of the Indian Mission of the Free Church. The Bishop of Gloucester, whose see is one of the poorest in the kingdom, has just given £2,000 towards building of churches in poor neighborhoods. The Rev. Mr. Wolff, well known in America, has gone to Bokhara and Affghanistan, in the hope of finding, and obtaining the release of several British officers and men, said to be still alive in that country. He preached before all the English and American Missionaries, on a recent occasion, at the British Consulate, at Trebizond.

It is truly melancholy to contemplate the fearful accidents that occur in the mining districts. Only a few days since, fifty lives were lost "at one fell swoop," by the bursting in of a river, into a coal mine, near Haverfordwest, and I observe by some recent statistics, that within the last eight months, two hundred and sixteen persons have been killed, and one hundred and eighty-two severely injured, in the various mines of Great Britain.

Religious Intelligence.

☞ We learn from Buffalo papers that it is in contemplation to erect in that city, a new Baptist Church at the corner of Eagle and Ellicott streets, a Methodist Church on the corner of Michigan and North Division streets, and a colored Baptist Church on the East side of Michigan, south of Batavia street.

☞ The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church will hold its annual session in the First Presbyterian Church in Louisville, Ky., on Thursday, the 16th day of May next. For several years the General Assembly has met in this city.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Hensi, of Cincinnati, Bishop elect of Milwaukie, and the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, of Louisville, Bishop elect of Charleston, were consecrated on the 10th ult., in St. Peter's Catholic Cathedral, Cincinnati.

☞ The Presbytery of Louisiana held its annual meeting in the Presbyterian Church at St. Francisville, (La.) on the 20th inst. The meeting was opened by a sermon from the last Moderator.

☞ The Rev. W. H. Smith has, in consequence of ill health, resigned the pastoral charge of the First English Lutheran Church, Pittsburg.

☞ A new Episcopal Church near the Narrows on Staten Island, N. J., was consecrated last week.

☞ The corner stone of a new Catholic Church has been laid in St. Louis.

General News.

Fire in Baltimore.—Quite an extensive fire occurred in Centre Market Space, Baltimore, early on Saturday morning, destroying property to the amount of about $10,000. The fire originated in a frame building owned by Mr. A. Sterling, and occupied as a shoe store—entirely consumed—insured. A building owned by Mr. J. R. Wright, and occupied by himself as a dwelling, and Mr. Wilson as a dry goods store; upper two stories destroyed with entire household furniture of Mr. Wright,—insured for $4,500. Dry goods store of Messrs. Merryman & French, entirely consumed—fully insured. House owned by Mr. Myers, and occupied by Messrs. Wertzell & Brother, as a dry goods store. Stock insured to the amount of $4,000—goods pretty much removed. House insured for $2,000.

Ingenious Rogue.—A few days ago, a person in Boston hit upon the following plan for raising the wind. He held a bank note for $50, which he cut in two, and taking one portion to an acquaintance, informed him that he had just received it by mail, the other being to follow in a day or two, but he could not wait for its arrival. This friend in need on receiving the half note, advanced the cash; and another friend did the same on receiving the other half. Taking his hundred dollars to one of the banks, he procured a note for that amount, and having recourse to the process of cutting, actually obtained $200 on the two halves, with which he decamped.

Rhode Island.—The Legislature of Rhode Island, on Saturday last, considered, and by a vote of 40 to 18, adopted a solemn protest against the interference of Congress with the Government or Constitution of that State—denying its right to inquire whether the late Charter Government was republican in its form—whether the present Constitution or the so called "People's Constitution" was legally adopted—or to do or agitate any matter in Congress calculated to disturb the domestic tranquillity of that State in any manner whatever.

The Coal Trade.—The Miners' Journal says:—"From all the information we can glean, the quantity of coal on hand in the different markets will not exceed 50,000 tons, about the quantity sent to market by the railroad, since the first of January last—consequently the consumption for the year ending on Monday next, is about 1,260,000 tons, being an increase of about 100,000 over the consumption of the previous year. The market will require this year, nearly one million five hundred thousand tons!"

Drowned.—The Delhi (N. Y.) Gazette, of the 27th inst., records the death of two young women, cousins, aged about fourteen years, one a daughter of the late David Robinson, and the other a daughter of Henry Beers. They ventured upon the margin of a small pond, frozen at the edges, but open in the centre, the ice forming a sort of amphitheatre. It is supposed they stepped upon the ice to slide, and fell into the open space, where their bodies were found next day.

Fire in New Orleans.—At night, on the 22d inst., the spirit gas and oil store of Fuller & Co., 65 Royal street, New Orleans, took fire, and with the furniture store of Mr. Sampson, next door, and the liquor store of Messrs. Indy & Brazier next to that was consumed. Much loss was sustained by the occupants of other adjoining buildings. Mr. John W. Haines, a member of the fire department, lost his life by the falling of a wall. Other persons were injured.

A Flourishing City.—The increase of the population of Louisville, Kentucky, during the last two years, has been very heavy. Of Germans alone, the increase has been estimated at over 4,000. There are few vacant houses in the place, and preparations are making for extensive building during the coming season. Rents are low, and food cheap. During the middle of the month, eggs sold in the market at three to four cents a dozen.

Meteor by Daylight.—The Fayetteville, (N. C.) Observer mentions a very beautiful meteor, recently seen between six and seven o'clock. It very much resembled, in descent, color, and separation into particles, the appearance of a falling rocket, after its force is spent. It emitted no perceptible light, as the sun had been down but a few minutes. We have frequently, says the editor, seen meteors at night, but never before by daylight.

A Fated Vessel.—A Boston paper says:—It is not a very frequent occurrence for a vessel to be struck by lightning, yet the schooner Rowena, Capt. Young, of Providencetown, at this port from Fredericksburg, was struck on Wednesday night last, off Block Island, for the third time within a few years, twice on the mainmast and once on the foremast. On neither occasion, however, was any injury done, except shivering the masts.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and sums paid for.

Remittances must always state the Post Office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

MR. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

Notices of New Works.

SERMONS, *by the Rev. Charles Bradley. First American, from the Seventh London Edition. New York: Appletons. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—He who desires to know why this work ran to seven editions, may find one reason by opening any part of the book and reading a single page. The style is that simple eloquent and earnest one, which puts you directly in the belief of the preacher's sincerity. He has labored "to express weighty truths with plainness and force," and in addressing a village congregation, has pleased a natural and unaffected auditory, with precisely that style of discourse which pure taste dictates should be always the manner of the preacher of the Gospel. We commend these Sermons particularly to young clergymen as models of a style to which all may attain by study and practice, and which will have the advantage of appearing most natural and unartificial when most pains is taken with it. It is much easier to throw tinsel together, than to set "apples of gold in pictures of silver," and yet the former bears much more the appearance of art than the last.

Another consideration will make this book highly acceptable to those who are tired of the din of controversy. It contains not a syllable of the captious spirit of hair splitting on technical theological points which has latterly disturbed Christians, and may be read with pleasure and profit by all.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIVES OF THE POETS. *By Mrs. Jameson. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—This work is published as part of the Cabinet Series of Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, and is an exceedingly appropriate addition to that collection. It embraces biographical sketches of "Women Celebrated in Ancient and Modern Poetry," and may, therefore, be regarded as an essential appendix to the poet's library. There is a natural curiosity with readers to know what manner of women waked poetical admiration. It is akin to the interest which we feel in the *personal* of the poet himself. Full appreciation of poetry can hardly be had without some knowledge of the writer and that, as a consequence, embraces the friends of the poet. Mrs. Jameson is precisely the person to write a work of this description.

RELIGION IN AMERICA. *By Rev. Robert Baird. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* This work is published in two numbers, giving a very large quantity of matter at a low price. Its preparation exhibits a great deal of industry and research—and such a work must, of course, be considered with more or less favor by different denominations of Christians. Those whom the writer classes as "Evangelical Churches" will generally commend the impartiality of the book; and all readers upon Church history in this country, will find it a useful companion, and great assistant. The author is an esteemed minister of the Presbyterian Church.

THE COMPLETE FLORIST. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—This was an English work, placed in the hands of an experienced American gardener, with the intent of introducing alterations adapting it to the climate of the United States. The alterations, however, have so far overshadowed the original, that it has become a *new* book, and a right good and useful one too, to the admirers of the floral kingdom. We look with especial favor and approval upon every step taken to advance the refined taste which delights in flowers; for their influence is among the best and most humanizing.

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.—We should, before this, have noticed the Christian World, a monthly, the editorship and proprietorship of which are in the excellent hands of Rev. Thomas H. Stockton. It has one peculiarity worthy of notice in its arrangement, being devoted into three departments; one a magazine proper; another a religious library, and a third a religious essayist. The subscriber may take one part or the three, and pay a price accordingly. It is an excellent work, and appears to be conducted in the broadest spirit of Christian charity.

THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.—This gem of a paper, the favorite of all who have ever read it, has altered its typography somewhat, putting on a new dress mechanical to keep pace with the perennial freshness and vivacity of its columns. There is no newspaper in the country which is read with more constant interest than this. It has had a character of its own from the beginning; and long may it remain under its present management, the same Daily Evening Transcript.

CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN SEMI-MONTHLY.—Campbell's Magazine, for April, has a portrait of Ainsworth, the popular novelist. If it resemble the original, Ainsworth is as much more manly than the merely *pretty* D'Orsay, as iced brandy is stronger than *eau sucree*. As a magazine, it is a splendid work, one of Sartain's best. The literary matter of the number is, as usual, various and excellent.

PHRENOLOGY.—Mrs. Loomis, well known as one of the best practical phrenologists among us, has published a chart, illustrative of the science. It gives, at a glance, the leading features of the system, and will be found very convenient to those who desire to know something of it, and it is, at the same time, a good guide and refresher to those more advanced.

MRS. NICHOLS'S POEMS.—We are pleased to notice that a Cincinnati publishing house, Shepard & Co., have in hand a volume of poems, to be entitled "Bernice, or the Curse of Minna, with other Poems," by Mrs. R. S. Nichols. Her name is pleasantly familiar to all readers of American poetry.

MIRROR EXTRAS.—No. 13 of this series contains the Songs and Ballads of Charles Dibdin; No. 14, a double, the National Songs and Legendary Ballads of Thomas Moore. The series so far, would make a bound volume of nearly three hundred pages, and a glorious volume too.

THE PICTORIAL SHAKSPEARE.—The second part of Hewitt's beautiful edition of Shakspeare, with Verplanck's notes, has been received by Zieber & Co. This is, unquestionably, to prove one of the most popular editions of the Bard of Avon ever published, and deservedly so.

THE LOWELL OFFERING.—We have received from Colon the April number of this Magazine, which is "Written, Edited, and Published by Operatives employed in the Mills." As usual, it is filled with matter highly creditable to its contributors and conductors.

THE ROVER.—This work, in the new series, looks inviting indeed, and its contents bear out the attractive exterior. Colon, who has this and other favorite periodicals, has changed his quarters to a commodious store in the Arcade, entrance on both avenues.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, has been received by Zieber & Co. The plot now begins to thicken, and Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit has crept into a corner out of which he will find it decidedly hard to creep. Small success to him, we say.

GIBBON'S ROME.—Part VIII. of this work has been received by Zieber & Co.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.

The Maryland Annual Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church closed its session in this city on Thursday week. The following is the list of appointments for the ensuing year:

President—Levi R. Reese.

Conference Missionary—Eli Henkle.

Stations—East Baltimore, John G. Wilson; West Baltimore, Josiah Varden, S. K. Jennings, sup. ass. Ninth street, Washington City—one to be supplied; First M. P. Church, Washington, J. J. Murray; Georgetown, D. Evans Reese; Alexandria, Washington Robey; Ebenezer, Joshua W. Rutledge, John Mallison, sup. ass.; Brickmakers' to be supplied; Brickmakers' Union, Isaac Webster; Cumberland, Peter L. Wilson; Harper's Ferry, Wm. W. Ball; First M. P. Church, Southwark, one to be supplied; Wilmington, S. K. Cox.

Circuits—Anne Arundel, William Sexsmith, Samuel Norwood; Pipe Creek, Wm. Collier, T. L. McLean, Joseph D. Brooks; Williamsport, J. T. Ward, John Morgan; Jefferson, Bignel Appleby; Deer Creek, W. W. Maddox, Wm. S. Dum; Concord, T. M. Wilson; Trough Creek, R. S. Norris, J. K. Heimbold; New Market, John Elderdrice, J. M. Henkle; Baltimore George D. Hamilton, A. Baker; Allegheny, John Roberts; Potomac, N. Lennon; Cecil, George Heritage; Queen Anne's J. W. Everist, one to be supplied; Talbot, S. B. Sutherland, William Dale; Caroline, J. K. Nichols; Snow Hill, D. W. Bates; Newtown, Wm. Fisher, Johnson Davis; Cambridge, L. A. Collins, W. F. Eva; Dorchester, T. Whitworth; Sussex, John R. Nichols; Kent, Wm. H. Bordley, A. S. Eversolve; Accomac, L. W. Bates; Union, D. F. Ewell, David Shermer; Howard, John S. Reese, Dr. Francis Waters, sup. ass.; Delaware, John H. Kennard; Carlisle, Hanson J. Jordon; Prince William, Daniel Dollier.

Missions—First M. P. Church, Philadelphia, left unsupplied by order of the conference; Liberty street, Baltimore, do.; Home Mission, Philadelphia, one to be supplied; Frederick city and vicinity, one to be supplied; Upper Trapp, Avra Melvin; Licking Creek, one to be supplied; Schuylkill Greenland, Thomas R. Henry; Philipsborough, one to be supplied; Lewes, John A. Jackson.

Left without appointment at their own request, Thomas H. Stockton, A. Webster, —— Haines, James Elderdice, Timothy Remick, T. M. Flint.

The next session of the conference to be held at the West Baltimore station, on the 2d Wednesday in March, 1845.

State Legislature.

IN SENATE, Thursday, March 28. The bill providing for the sale of the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal for $2,500,000 finally passed, yeas 20, nays 10. The bill gives authority to construct an outlet lock or locks, but leaves the exercise discretionary with the Commissioners, who are named in the bill as follows:

James R. Evans, Benjamin Gerhard, Henry Horn, of Philadelphia; John N. Lane, of Lancaster; Samuel Sillyman, of Schuylkill; Franklin Van Zant, William M. White, of Bucks; William Elwell, of Bradford; David D. Wagner, of Northampton; John S. Gibons, of Lehigh; Wm. S. Ross, of Luzerne; Wm. F. Morrison, of Montgomery; Stephen Balliet, of Carbon.

IN THE HOUSE, the Judiciary Committee, to which was referred the matter of a warrant drawn in favor of Wilson M'Candless and Richard Biddle, Esqrs., for professional services in the trial of the Pittsburg transporters for conspiracy, made a report, from the tenor of which the Committee appear to be of opinion that the draft was correct, and the sum paid ($850) not exorbitant for the services performed. On the resolution to discharge the Committee,

Mr. Macmanus moved to strike out and insert "That in the opinion of this House, the Governor has no right to draw orders on the Treasury in favor of counsel employed in cases where the Commonwealth is a party, without authority of law," and made some remarks in favor of his proposition. After about an hour's discussion, and the rejection of amendments offered, the amendment of Mr. Macmanus passed, about ninety members voting in the affirmative.

IN SENATE, Friday, March 29. Mr. Penniman's bill to apply the provisions of a general bill to all the Banks and Savings Institutions of this State, holding each stockholder individually responsible for the debts of the institution in which he or she owns shares, was taken up in its order, and discussed by Messrs. Champneys, Penniman, and others, till the close of the morning session.

The bill to erect a new county out of Westmoreland, and other counties, was lost. A number of local bills passed three readings, and the bill supplementary to the several Poor Acts of Philadelphia, passed second reading.

IN THE HOUSE, two reports were made from the Committee on Vice and Immorality, one against, and one in favor of bill 379, proposing to license oyster houses and other places of refreshment, in Philadelphia. The adverse report was quite strong in its language, and a somewhat animated, and rather personal debate ensued. The matter ended in the postponement of both reports.

IN SENATE, Saturday, March 30. The House amendments to the bill granting a new trial to the Flanagan's, now under sentence of death for murder, were concurred in. A bill relating to Sheriff's deeds passed final reading. It provides that the certificate of the Prothonotary shall be sufficient, though without the seal of office.

The Truck Bill was reconsidered and passed, 17 to 13.

Mr. Penniman's Individual Liability Bill was taken up and discussed until the hour of adjournment.

IN THE HOUSE, the Appropriation Bill passed final reading, yeas 54, nays 23. It had been amended so as to give to the non-accepting districts twenty per cent. of the money standing to their credit, for the purpose of building school houses.

IN SENATE, Monday, April 1. The Pension Bill was taken up, and after some debate passed. The number of persons included in it is 63, the amount of pensions $4,800.

The Bill to sell the Main Line of the public works was taken up, the question being on its second reading. Mr. Darsie and Mr. Champneys spoke at length in favor of its passage. The yeas and nays were called, on the first section, and the bill was lost by one vote. The yeas were Messrs. Babbitt, Champneys, Crabb, Craig, Darsie, Ebaugh, Gorgas, Heckman, McLanahan, Mullin, Quay, Spackman, Stewart, Sullivan—14, and the nays Messrs. Baily, Black, Chapman, Dimock, Fegely, Foulkrod, Hill, Horton, Hughes, Kidder, Penniman, Sherwood, Sterigere, Wilcox and Bigler, speaker—15.

The individual liability bill was debated, and much private business was disposed of.

IN THE HOUSE, the bill reported by Mr. McCauslin, providing for the continuance and maintenance of the militia system of the Commonwealth, was taken up and debated in committee of the whole, and afterward on second reading during the entire session. The principal discussions were upon the amendments to prohibit the exemption of firemen from performing military duty, and the principle of allowing citizens to contribute to volunteer companies, instead of paying fines to the support of the system. By the bill no one is exempt from fines, and volunteers are not allowed to sell certificates even in limited numbers.

IN SENATE, Tuesday, April 2. After the reception of petitions &c., Mr. Penniman's Individual Liability Bill was taken up, and debated on amendments through the day. It was finally passed, 21 to 5, with an amendment requiring all bills reissued after the 1st of September next, to be endorsed by the Cashier with their date.

IN THE HOUSE, a very large number of private bills were disposed of, passing Committee of the Whole in the forenoon, and the House in the afternoon.

Congressional.

IN SENATE, Wednesday March 27. A great number of memorials were presented, on this, and on succeeding days, against any alteration in the present Tariff.

After the disposal of morning business, Mr. Simmons answered Mr. Benton upon the Tariff.

IN THE HOUSE, an attempt was made, but failed, to suspend the rules and take up the joint resolution from the Senate, providing for an adjournment on the the 27th of May.

A resolution was adopted making enquiry into the arrest of Lieut. Braxton Bragg, while in Washington, on an unexpired leave of absence, and whether the proceedings against him were not induced by the fears or suspicion of the Major General, commanding in chief, of information, said Lieut. Bragg was supposed to be imparting to Committees or members of the House. And the said Secretary inform the House whether the said Lieut. Bragg was not arrested for remaining in Washington, after the Adjutant General had been informed by the Chairman of the Committee that such was the case.

Two bills, one to incorporate a Lodge of Odd Fellows, and another to incorporate the Grand Lodge of Free Masons in the District of Columbia were laid on the table. The vote on the latter was 132 yeas, 32 nays.

A great number of private bills were reported; after which the House went into Committee of the whole and took up the bill making appropriation for the support of the Army. After the disposal of several unimportant amendments, Mr. Brinkerhoff moved to amend by disbanding, after the 30th of June, the supernumerary officers of the army.

IN SENATE, Thursday, March 28. Mr. Sturgeon presented a memorial from the iron manufacturers of Pennsylvania, setting forth that two hundred thousand tons of iron for the renewal of railroads will be required every four years. They therefore pray that the bill proposing to remit the duties on railroad iron may not pass.

Mr. Wright presented memorials against the annexation of Texas.

Mr. Simmons concluded his remarks on the Tariff, in reply to Mr. Benton.

IN THE HOUSE. Mr. Dromgoole, from the Committee on Ways and Means, to whom had been referred the subject of the recent issue of Treasury Notes payable in a year, reported a joint resolution, setting forth that the issue of such notes was without authority of law.

Mr. Kay reported a resolution making his Tariff Bill the order of the day on and after April 9th. The House refused to accept it, yeas 94, nays 79, two-thirds being necessary. Mr. McKay then gave notice that on that day he should move to go into committee on the bill.

A report was made from the Retrenchment Committee, in favor of reducing the compensation of officers of the Navy. It was accompanied by a bill to that effect.

After the disposal of some unimportant business, the House went into Committee of the Whole, and resumed the consideration of the Army Appropriation Bill. The question pending was still on the amendment of Mr. Brinkerhoff, proposing to disband all the supernumerary officers after the 30th of July. A long debate arose, in which the poor supernumeraries were handled without mercy. Finally, on the question being put, the amendment was agreed to. Ayes 84, nays 29.

IN SENATE, Friday, March 29. Mr. Pearce, from the Naval Committee, reported a bill for the relief of the heirs of Robert Fulton, of steamboat memory. The bill allows $76,300.

Mr. Tappan moved to take up the joint resolution relative to the purchase of the busts of our several Presidents in marble from Hiram Powers, the American sculptor in Italy. The resolution was passed without a dissenting voice.

Mr. Merrick's Post Office Bill was taken up, and after giving a general view of it, he took up the details, item by item, and spoke at great length.

IN THE HOUSE, another ineffectual attempt was made to get at the resolution to adjourn on the 27th of May.

A bill was reported from the Committee on Post Offices and Post-roads, full of pains and penalties against private mails—a fine of $500 against any principal or agent for carrying a letter, and two hundred dollars against any steamboat or railroad that takes a letter, and fifty dollars against any individual that conveys such letter—publishers of magazines and pamphlets permitted to send in any way they please.

The bill to regulate the pay of the army was taken up. Mr. Black, of S. C., moved to abolish the office of Major General, but the motion was defeated.

SATURDAY, March 30. The Senate did not sit.

IN THE HOUSE, among other communications, was one received from the Secretary of War, in answer to a call of the House, in relation to why Lieut. Bragg had been ordered away by the commanding general, which communication approved the conduct of the commanding general in ordering him to be arrested. Mr. Holmes moved to lay the communication on the table, and hoped there it would lay forever. Mr. Cave Johnson moved that it be printed. The communication was then laid upon the table and ordered to be printed, with the accompanying documents.

The Speaker presented an able communication from the Postmaster General in relation to the smuggling of mail matter over the railroads, which was laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

Mr. E. J. Morris offered a resolution recommending the report of the Committee on Naval Affairs, with instructions to that committee to report a bill making an appropriation for a dry dock at Philadelphia. It was objected to.

Mr. Morris then moved a suspension of the rules, and demanded the yeas and nays, and the following is the result—yeas 56, nays 93. So the rules were not suspended. The House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, Mr. Weller in the Chair, and took up the Army Appropriation Bill. Without coming to any conclusion, the committee rose and the House adjourned.

IN SENATE, Monday, April 1. Owing to the great attraction of the scientific convention, the attendance in both houses of Congress was thin. The Senate did not assemble until a late hour. An unusual number of memorials were presented, and after their reception, and a mass of private business, the Post Office Bill was taken up. Mr. Phelps, of Vermont, took the floor, in favor of reform, but against this bill. With regard to that section which proposes to abolish the franking privilege of deputy Postmasters, he said it was preposterous. He asked Senators if they did not know that without this privilege, no man in the country could be induced to accept office for the more scanty per centage on letters. In conclusion, he contended that nothing effectual could be done until the department ceased paying such enormous sums, for the transportation of the mail, to railroads, &c. Compared with this expenditure, the losses by the abuses of franking were as a grain of sand to a mountain.

Mr. Merrick replied to Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Simmons followed. His remarks were chiefly in reference to his amendment, which proposes to carry letters 250 miles, instead of 100, for five cents.

IN THE HOUSE, the day was given to territorial business.

IN SENATE, Tuesday, April 2d. The day was spent in the Post-office bill. Mr. Simmon's amendment was renewed and rejected, an amendment was also rejected which proposes the striking out of the privilege of franking congressional documents.

In the House the day was principally spent in territorial business.

LONDON HEATHENISM.

The annexed paragraph, which we cut from a London paper, while it puts the officiating clergyman in a most honorable light, as an active and devoted missionary to the poor; shows a state of things as existing in the capital of the British empire, which argues need of more home consumption of philanthropy than at present is the case. We trust that the example of Mr. Hughes may lead to still further investigations among the class whom he has thus benefitted. Out of London, however, and some of the other densely populated spots in Great Britain, the parallel to the case of Mr. Hughes's parishioners cannot be found. But to the article.

"The Rev. Mr. Hughes, minister of St. John's Chapel, in the course of his visitations to relieve the poor in the lower walks of life, and afford them religious aid, discovered a great number of persons of both sexes, living together in a state of profligacy. Through the medium of his exhortations they were brought to a sense of the impropriety of such a course of life, and eighty-six men and women, consisting of butchers, costermongers, tailors, shoemakers, and others of various trades and callings, consented, at the request of the Rev. gentleman, to appear at St. John's Chapel on a day named, and there to go through the matrimonial ceremony—gratis. Every arrangement was made for this occasion, and at an early hour the galleries were filled with highly respectable persons, male and female, in order to witness the ceremony, and the body of the edifice was crowded, whilst the greatest interest was manifested outside by numerous spectators. The police, and Bucklaw, the beadle, were in attendance to keep order and prevent any inconvenience. At eight o'clock in the morning the happy couples began to arrive, and they were ushered through one of the doors into pews. The Reverend gentleman at length took his station at the altar and commenced his labor, when he continued to go through the solemn ceremony amid the greatest silence, until he successively solemnized twenty-three marriages; some young, some middle aged, and others old repentants. On the next day the Chapel was again crowded, and the ceremony was performed with twenty-three more couples."

NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

We take from the Intelligencer the annexed account of the opening of the Session of the National Institute at Washington, on Monday last. The President of the United States is *ex-officio* the patron of the Institute, and his opening address is spoken of on all hands as most eloquent and appropriate. The exercises were to be continued through the week, and at its close, the memoirs, &c., are to be published, provided a sufficient sum is subscribed to cover the expenses. Hon. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, leads the subscription with one hundred dollars.

Agreeably to notice, the Convention of the members and friends of the National Institute assembled on Monday morning in the Library Hall of the Treasury Department at 10 o'clock. The meeting was very numerously attended, and it was highly gratifying to see so large a number of distinguished strangers, who had come from a distance to participate in the interesting proceedings of the session.

The Hall contained several fine specimens of natural and artificial productions, sent by the members of the Institute and others, for the examination of those who might visit the place of preparatory meeting. Among others were some very splendid manufactures of silk and glass fabrics, which excited great admiration.

The President of the United States, as the patron of the Institution, accompanied by his Cabinet, attended soon after ten o'clock, and the procession was then formed, and proceeded from the Treasury Building, along the Pennsylvania Avenue, to the Presbyterian Church, Fourth street, in the order prescribed in the programme.

Upon entering the church, the use of which had been kindly granted by its temporal committee, and which had been arranged for the purpose by a committee of the Institute, a solemn air was played by the Marine Band. The President of the United States then took the Chair, and the meeting was opened with an appropriate prayer by the Rev. Mr. Butler, of Georgetown, at the close of which a newly invented instrument, combining the organ and the piano, sent forth strains of the most solemn and dulcet harmony. This exquisite combination of two of the finest musical instruments was listened to with the most profound and delighted attention, and the performer, by his admirable touch gave it additional power.

President Tyler then rose and announced the objects of the Convention, in a brief, extemporaneous and very happy and appropriate address to the members of the Institute. He was followed by the orator of the day, the Hon. Mr. Walker, of Mississippi. His address embraced a rapid, but comprehensive sketch of the progress, improvement, and present condition of American science in all its branches; it occupied about an hour in the delivery, and was listened to with deep attention and interest by the large audience. Mr. Walker acquitted himself with great credit, and to the satisfaction of his numerous hearers. As this address will, it is presumed, be soon laid before the public it is unnecessary to attempt even a synopsis of it here.

Mr. Walker was succeeded by Professor Draper, of New York, in a very lucid and interesting essay on the physical constitution of the rays of the sun. He broached a new theory, and supported it with great force of argument and felicity of illustration. Professor Loomis, of Ohio, followed next, and read a paper on the late comet, which he explained and elucidated with clearness and ability.

The church was crowded by members of the Institution, members of Congress, strangers and citizens, who had been attracted there by the novelty as well as the interest which this meeting excited. A large number of ladies also attended, and were accommodated in the galleries, where they could both see and hear with satisfaction.

On Tuesday, the second day, Hon. Levi Woodbury, presided. Dr. H. Humphrey's, President of St. John's College at Annapolis, read an interesting paper on the economy of science in relation to Government. Professor Benjamin Hallowell, of Alexandria, read an essay on the liberation of Caloric in some chemical changes that are attended with an enlargement of bulk. Lieut. W. F. Maury, U. States Navy, read an essay upon the Gulf Stream and the currents of the ocean.

The session was closed with an able paper, of much length, read by Professor G. Tucker, of the University of Virginia, on the dangers most to be guarded against in the future progress of the United States.

Notices of the Dead.

☞ The Nashville Banner comes to us dressed in mourning for the death of Ex-Governor Carroll. The paper contains an account of the funeral of the distinguished man. The obsequies were solemnized on the 24th ult., with great ceremony. General Jackson was invited to join the procession, and to walk next to the immediate family of the deceased, but he was unable to join in the honors to the remains of his brave brother in arms. Governor Carroll was a native of Pennsylvania. He removed to Tennessee about thirty years ago. He was but fifty-six years of age at his death.

DEATH OF COMMODORE KENNEDY.—Commodore Edmund Pendleton Kennedy, of the United States Navy, died suddenly at Norfolk, on Thursday afternoon week, of apoplexy, with which he was attacked while on board the United States ship Pennsylvania, on Monday. Com. K. was, at the time of his demise, in command of the ship of the line Pennsylvania, the flag ship of the squadron afloat on that station. He has left a wife and six children.

DEATH OF WILLIS GAYLORD.—We learn that this gentleman died at his residence, Limerick Farm, Onondaga county, on the 27th ult. after an illness of only thirty-three hours. Few men were better known throughout the agricultural community, than Mr. Gaylord. He was for many years one of the editors of the Genesee Farmer, and since the death of Judge Buel, has been the senior editor of "The Cultivator."

☞ Mr. Steven Turrill, a soldier and patriot of the Revolution, died recently in Charlotte, Vermont, at the advanced age of *one hundred and one years and four months*. During the last seventy-eight years of his life he was an exemplary member of the Methodist Church.

☞ Captain Abraham S. Ten Eick, of the United States Navy, died at New Brunswick, N. J., on the 28th ult., in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

☞ The Raleigh, N. C., Register announces the death of the venerable General Edward Jones, of Wilkes county, in that State.

☞ Tyler Spafford, a soldier of the Revolution, died at Compton, Canada East, on the 11th ult., aged 91 years,

☞ Nathaniel Hart, Esq., the father of Mrs. Henry Clay, died recently at his residence in Kentucky.

Miscellaneous News.

MURDER.—On Monday last, in the city of Pittsburg, a man named Deal, attacked his wife and two children with a hatchet, and wounded them so dreadfully, that the wife and one child died almost instantly—the other child being in such a situation, that it is thought it will recover. Deal then attempted to commit suicide, by cutting his throat, but did not succeed in inflicting a dangerous wound. Jealousy is said to have been the cause of the horrid act.

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT BURNT.—The steamboat Osage, from the Yazoo river, with a cargo of six hundred bales of cotton and sundry passengers, was discovered to be on fire in her hold on Friday, the 22d ult., she being at that time about twelve miles below Donaldville. The flames spread so rapidly that the crew and passengers had barely time to escape, without saving any property, and the boat and cargo were entirely consumed.

TO FASTEN WALL TREES.—Use twine dipped in linseed oil, and dried, instead of bits of cloth; it is neater, more convenient, and affords no harbor for insects. Drive the nail into the required place, slip a tie with the twine over the head, bring the branch down and secure it with a knot. A tree secured in this manner is capable of being better trained, the branches better secured, and the whole appearance more workmanlike.

☞ L. C. Hornsby, who killed Col. Twogood, at New Orleans, was convicted, on the 22d ult., of manslaughter. The punishment is imprisonment in the Penitentiary for a term not exceeding twenty-one years, nor less than seven. This would seem to us to be a light estimate of his crime—but newspaper accounts and legal testimony differ.

RESCUED FROM DEATH.—In the Bay of Mobile, on the 13th ult., it then blowing a gale, the U. S. revenue cutter Woodbury picked up five men, who were discovered clinging to a boat which had been capsized and were drifting to sea. The persons thus rescued from death were the mate and four seamen of the British ship Providence, of Hull.

FIRE AT PITTSBURG.—On the night of the 25th ult., a fire broke out at Pittsburg, Pa., which destroyed property to the value of $25,000. It broke out in a cooper shop in Diamond alley, and after consuming several dwellings, the four-story tobacco warehouse of Mr. George Wyman, and the Second Presbyterian Church, was finally extinguished.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—Recently, a little girl, about two years of age, daughter of Patrick Lawler, was drowned in St. Louis, by falling into a bucket of water. The child got its head fast in the bucket whilst its mother was out, and was drowned before she came in. How many hidden and unsuspected dangers beset these "little ones."

MAPLE SUGAR.—The Boston Mercantile Journal says there is every prospect of a prosperous season for the manufacture of maple sugar in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. The quantity manufactured at the beautiful village of Fryeburg, is estimated at thirty tons a season, or enough to freight a small vessel.

☞ John H. Steele, the Governor elect of New Hampshire, was born in North Carolina, and was a carriage maker by trade. He emigrated to New Hampshire, and was distinguished for his mechanical ingenuity, and set in motion the first power looms in the town of Peterboro.

☞ Extravagance in dress is said to be a prevailing complaint among the females in New Orleans at the present time. One lady is spoken of who paid $1,000 for a single "street dress."

☞ The Boston papers speak of the buildings to be erected in their city during the coming season, as unequalled, either "in quality or quantity," by those of any preceding year.

☞ The Lowell Courier thinks the population of that city will number *thirty thousand* by the close of the present year.

☞ In 1837, seventeen thousand persons were convicted in England of crimes, or about one in 1,000.

☞ We see it stated that Mr. Hawkins, the celebrated Temperance lecturer, formerly of Baltimore, has been employed by the State Temperance Society of South Carolina, to travel through that State, and lecture for one year. For this service Mr. H. is to receive $1,000.

A LONG LEASE.—Eight acres in the town of Portland, were leased one hundred and five years ago for ninety-nine years. The heirs are hunting up the documents to prove property, the lease having expired, and the ground being occupied by valuable buildings.

THE EAGLE MILLS, at Brooklyn, L. I., were destroyed by fire, on Monday last. They were used for grinding spices. The loss is at least $20,000, principally in machinery and stocks. Partly insured. The establishment was conducted by Williamson & Mann.

☞ They advertise in the London papers, "American Rocking Chairs." After descanting at length upon this transatlantic article, the advertiser further warrants them to be genuine, and far superior to the miserable imitations made in that country.

☞ Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts, stated in a temperance meeting, held at the Boston State House, that in eighty-one townships of that State, thirteen thousand drunkards have been restored to sobriety through the instrumentality of Washingtonian effort.

☞ There are now on the stocks at one of the ship yards in New York, three steamboats of about three hundred tons each, all of which are to be fitted with the Ericsson Propeller. One is to go to Richmond, one to Texas, and the third to Fall River.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.—Returns from all but four or five towns in Connecticut, establish the fact, that there is no election of Governor by the people. In the Senate the Whigs have a majority of eight or ten, and in the House of ten or fifteen.

☞ The County Commissioners for Middlesex County, Mass., have met, and refused to approbate any licenses for retailing intoxicating drinks. Licenses for nineteen individuals were recommended by the selectmen of ten towns only.

☞ Gen. Jackson has written to President Santa Ana, urging the release of the Texan prisoners on their parole of honor. He grounds his request on the improved state of humanity in the treatment of prisoners of war in this age, &c.

GREAT DISCOVERY.—Mr. Simeon Broadmeadow, of New York, has made an important discovery in the manufacture of iron, by which the ore is by one process converted into wrought iron, without being first made into pig iron.

Army & Navy.

PROMOTIONS.—Previous to the deaths of Captains Kennedy and Kennon, and Commander Ten Eick, there were sixty-eight Captains, and ninety-two Commanders in the Navy. Among the former, Captain Kennedy ranked as the seventeenth, and Captain Kennon as the thirty-eighth, and among the latter, Commander Ten Eick ranked as the second, on their respective lists. The death of the two former will give their juniors an advance of one or two steps in precedence, while it will open two chances of promotion to the ninety-five remaining commanders. If two of these be promoted, then, with the vacancy caused by the death of Com. Ten Eick, three chances of promotion will be opened to the three hundred and thirty-two Lieutenants on the list, and these will again open three chances of promotion to one hundred and twenty-three Passed Midshipmen, who are looking up to the higher honors.

A SERVICEABLE CUTTER.—The Boston Post mentions the return of the cutter Hamilton to that port, after having been absent seventy-two days, cruising principally between the Capes, rendering assistance to vessels in distress. Frequently during the winter, the cutter was so much clogged with ice that she was obliged to make a harbor to clear ship. With these exceptions, she has been continually at sea. On the 27th ult., during a violent gale, her life-boat was washed away. She has spoken with and tendered assistance to 280 vessels, and relieved 20. This is more than the whole of the home squadron combined have done.

COURT OF ENQUIRY.—The St. Louis Republican states that a Court of Enquiry has been ordered, at the instance of the Texan Charge d'Affaires at Washington, to meet at Fort Leavenworth on the 2d of April, to inquire into the conduct of Captain St. George Cook, of the U. States Dragoons, in the expedition to the Arkansas, last spring, for the protection of the Santa Fé traders. The investigation grows out of the capture of Col. Snively's party of Texans, and the power to capture and disarm that party. The Court of Enquiry consists of Col. Kearney, Col. Vose and Major Whorton.

SINGULAR.—Last week the stern of the steam frigate Princeton was raised by putting weights upon her bow, and on examining her propeller, there was found over one hundred feet of hawser which had been reeled on it. It will be recollected at the time she attempted to tow the brig Caraccas down the Delaware, the hawser of the brig broke and the vessels became detached, when the rope in question was no doubt drawn upon it. The speed of the steamer has been impeded since, which induced the examination to be made.

☞ The following United States vessels were at Rio de Janeiro on the 30th of January; U. S. ship Columbus, Commodore Turner, just arrived from Montevideo; U. S. ship Congress, Commodore Voorhees, just arrived in 29 days from Gibraltar; U. S. brig Perry, Commander Tilton, bound to the East Indies; U. S. ship Columbus, Commodore Shubrick, to sail next day for the Mediterranean.

☞ The U. S. frigate Constitution, said to be unseaworthy for need of repairs, proves to be in good order after all, and has sailed, or is about to sail from Norfolk. This is the ship which Capt. Percival had repaired for $10,000, when the naval constructer said she needed $70,000.

☞ The hull of a revenue cutter, of 350 tons burthen, (to be ship rigged) has just been finished at New York. The hull is entirely of iron, and the vessel is the first of six of the same kind which are to be built at the same place.

☞ The U. S. brig Brandywine, was at Sacrificios, March 11.

Items of News.

☞ The British Government, at the intercession of the Government of the United States, has pardoned David Allen, of this State, one of the parties sentenced to transportation for taking part in the invasion of Canada.

VESSEL AND CREW BURNT.—The Richmond Compiler states that the schooner Jane, Vickers, of Baltimore, was burned on the 29th of March, in James River. Capt. Vickers and his whole crew perished in the flames.

☞ Hon. William H. Seward, Ex-Governor of the State of New York, has consented to deliver the Annual Oration before the Literary Societies of Amherst College, on the 9th of August next.

☞ The Arkansas Intelligencer has the names upon its pocket book, of over four hundred Choctaws and Cherokees who are not only readers but many of them contributors to its columns.

☞ The house of Mr. P. W. Eastman, at Newcastle, E. W., was destroyed by fire on the 11th ult., and three of his children, of the ages of five, seven, and nine years, perished in the flames.

☞ The French Government is determined to have no locomotives running off the track, and no accidents of any kind—having made negligence, attended with loss of life, a capital offence.

☞ Last week a large lot of Saxony wool of first quality, was sold at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for fifty cents per pound, cash. It is said to have been the best sale made this season.

☞ The receipts on the Western (Mass.) Railroad during the week ending on the 23d ult., were $8,445. The receipts during the corresponding period last year were $6,150.

☞ One of the new steamers in Great Britain, constructed upon the screw principle, has gone a step further than usual, and her smoke funnel is used as her mizen mast.

☞ The Silk Factory in Dedham continues to operate in a flourishing manner. Some forty or fifty hands are employed, and the agent advertises for fifty more girls.

☞ The House of Assembly of New Brunswick has fixed the value of the English Sovereign at 26s. currency; the Crown at 6s., and the Shilling at 1s. 2½d.

☞ An upright tree, nine feet high, has been found in the coal mines of St. Helen's, near Liverpool.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

1264 shares Wilmington R. R.	16½a17½
348 do. Girard Bank,	7½a7¾
100 do. New Orleans Gas Bank,	30¼
100 do. Girard Trust,	21½
99 do. Commercial Bank,	54
80 do. United States Bank,	4½a4¾
56 do. Louisville Bank,	88
27 do. Man & Mec. Bank,	25¾a25¼
26 do. Far and Mec. Bank,	43a43¼
20 do. Reading Railroad,	21½
11 do. Mechanics Bank,	27¾a28
1 do. Philadelphia Bank,	105½
$76,000 State 5's,	61½a62¼
$11,000 State 5's,	63¾a64
$25,000 Penna. 5's,	64a64¼
$600 Chesapeake & Del. 6 per cents,	44½
$3000 Illinois 6 per cents,	41
$3000 United States 5's, 1853,	102½
$700 Chesapeake and Del. Canal 6's,	44½
$2200 County 5's, 1866,	98½

DIVIDENDS.

The Boston Transcript publishes a list of dividends declared by the Boston Banks for the six months ending April 1, as follows:—Atlas, none; Washington, 1½; Columbian, Granite, Hamilton, Massachusetts, North, State and Traders, 2; Atlantic, City, Eagle, New England, Shawmut, Tremont and Union, 2½; Globe, Market, Mechanics, Merchants, and Shoe and Leather Dealers, 3; Boston, and Freeman's, 3½, and Suffolk, 4 per cent. The total capital of these banks is $17,010,000, and the amount of the dividends $426,300, being an increase of $9300 on the dividend of Oct. 1, 1843.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Bark—But little doing—last sales first No. 1 quercitron $22a22½. Coffee—Market firm, with a fair inquiry—we note sales on landing of 2000 bags Laguyra at 7¼a7½c on time, and 500 bags Rio 7½. 4 mos, a lot of Sumatra 7½c, 4 mos. Cotton—The stock is large and market heavy—there is but little inquiry in the market, and prices are nominal—we note sales of some small lots of Mobile at 9½c, on time. Fish—The prices of mackerel are firm, with sales at last quotations. Fruit—Sales of 1000 boxes Sicily on landing at $2,50 for oranges and $2,25 for lemons, raisins $2,12½. Flour arrives more freely—the demand, however, is limited—we note sales of several parcels fair mixed brands at $4,62½. Rye flour we quote at $3,25. Corn Meal—A sale of 600 bbls Pa. at $2,44, last sales Brandywine $2,50, now held at an advance. Grain—The arrivals of wheat are mostly going into store, we quote Pa. at 100a105 cents, southern 95a100c. Rye—Sales of southern at 50a60 cts, Pa. 64c. Corn is scarce and wanted, sales of southern yellow at 48a49c, Pa. would readily bring 50c, a lot of ordinary white at 46c. Oats—Sales of several lots of southern at 30a31c, and Pa. 32½c. Lead—Sales of 2000 pigs, price not reported, supposed below our last quotation. Molasses—We note sales of a cargo of Trinidad at 26c, and N. Orleans at 30 cts, on time. Naval Stores—We note a sale of 350 bbls North County rosin at 80c. Oil—Sperm is held at an advance of 5c, sales of 150 bbls whale, from the wharf, at 30c. Plaster—A cargo sold at $3. Rice has been in fair demand—sales of 200 tcs at $2,75 cash and time, now held higher. Provisions—Sales of pork at our last quotations—hams, sides, and shoulders are steady in price. Lard—Further sales at 5½c for common in bbls, 6a6½ for good quality in bbls and kegs. Butter is scarce. Seeds—Sales of cloverseed at $5,50 for prime quality. Flaxseed is wanted at $1,47a1,49. Sugar—Sales of 200 boxes brown Matanzas at 7½c, 200 hhds N. Orleans at 7¼a7½, Porto Rico at 8a8½c, white Brazil at 8a8½c, all on the usual terms. Whiskey—We quote hhds 22a22½, sale of 250 bbls at 23c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—The offerings of beef cattle were unusually light, and consisted of 350 head, all from Pa., 125 cows and calves, 280 hogs, and 1500 sheep. Beeves all sold except about 20 head at $4a5 for common to good, and $5½ for extra quality the 100 lbs. Cows and calves were dull, and sold from $10a30. Hogs—Sales were made at $4¾a5 the 100 pounds. Sheep were in better demand, and sold from $2a5, as in quality.

Baltimore, March 29.—Beef Cattle—The offerings at the scales for the week ending this day were 320 head, 200 of which were taken by the butchers at prices ranging from $1.75 to 2,62½ per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $3½ a5 net, according to quality. 30 head were driven south. Hogs—Sales of live hogs have been made to some extent at $4,50 to 4,62½ per 100 lbs net.

Richmond, March 28.—For cattle on the hoof $4 to 5, the market well supplied with inferior kinds. Mutton—$1 to 3, according to quality. Veals sell from $3 to 7, according to quality.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.—The origin of this valuable medicine entitles it to unlimited confidence and respect. The nearer we approach to nature in our researches after truth both in science and art, the more complete will be our success in both. Look at the uniform Physical condition of the INDIAN TRIBES of this continent, whether exposed to the frosts and storms of the North, or to the rain, heat and pestilential miasma of Southern climates. Houseless, unprotected, exposed to every atmospheric change, every extreme of the seasons, dwelling at times in morasses and by the margins of unhealthy pools and swamps, they yet enjoy an almost total IMMUNITY FROM DISEASE, while the white man, who enjoys all the comforts of civilization, with its attendant arts, is as much inferior to the savage in physical vigor, as he is superior to him in intellectual acquisitions. How does this happen? Simply, because bereft of the light of science, he relies upon that divine instinct which impels him to select FROM THE PRODUCE OF THE FIELD AND FOREST those remedies which Nature and Nature's God has bounteously provided for the solace of suffering, and the mitigation and cure of disease, sowing them broadcast on every hill and valley. Let those who impiously arraign the good justice of Divine Providence, and point with a sneer to the multitude of invalids who lie groaning upon beds of sickness, torn from the false lights of man, and study the secrets of nature, and they will adore that mercy which has so bounteously provided a cure for every wound—A REMEDY FOR ALL WHO SEEK ONE.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed, that medicine purporting to be Indian Vegetable Pills, sold by a certain Wm. Burritt, from New York, *are not the genuine* Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills; and that all *Travelling Agents* who sell genuine, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of N. A. Coll. of Health.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADA., No. 288 Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston. Also, for sale by Mr. Isaac P. Cook, No. 64 Baltimore street, Baltimore.

☞ *Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.*

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.—When the appetite has failed and the digestive powers have become partially paralyzed from dissipation or other causes, the dyspeptic patient resorts to various powerful stimulants in the hope of restoring by artificial means the vital activity of the digestive apparatus. But these expedients only speed exhausted nature to a momentary exertion. The relaxation which succeeds is worse than the original torpor, and depression of the spirits, hypochondria and sometimes even worse results ensue. The only proper course is to cleanse and purify the elements of the blood, by means of some medicine, which will act directly upon the machinery which prepares and amalgamates them. Practical experience has established the fact that SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA is that medicine. It restores to the stomach its tone—to the whole digestive apparatus its vigor, and to the blood its healthful character, by expelling the very seeds of disease.

For certificates and numerous testimonials see pamphlets and various papers.

Agents in Philadelphia, S. P. Thomson, corner of 5th and Spruce street, and Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street.

Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States. Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of agents gratis.

Prepared and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Wholesale Druggists, 79 Fulton street, New York.

HEALTH OFFICE, MARCH 30, 1844.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington. From the 23d to the 30th of March.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Apoplexy,	2	0	Brought over,	34	28
Cancer,	1	0	Effusion on the Brain,	0	1
Casualties,	2	0	Fever, Catarrhal,	0	3
Croup,	0	7	——Scarlet,	0	6
Congestion of Lungs,	0	2	Hemorrhage,	0	1
——Brain,	0	1	Inflammation of the Bronchi,	1	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	19	3	—— Lungs,	4	6
Contusion of Abdomen,	1	0	——Stomach and Bowels,	4	3
Convulsions,	0	9	Uterus,	1	0
Cyanosis,	0	1	——Peritoneum,	1	0
Dropsy,	4	0	Intemperance and Exposure,	1	0
——Head,	0	1	Mania a Potu,	3	0
Disease of Brain,	0	1	Malformation of Heart,	0	1
——Heart,	1	0	Old Age,	3	0
——Spine,	0	1	Pleurisy,	1	0
——Parotid Gland,	0	1	Scrofula,	0	1
——Lungs,	2	0	Still Born,	0	6
Drowned,	1	0	Unknown,	0	3
Dysentery,	0	1			
Debility,	0	1			
Carried over,	34	28	Total,	113—53	60

Of the above there were 6 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 12 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
March 24,	40	51	52
25,	46	59	60
26,	50	55	56
27,	51	55	57
28,	42	47	50
29,	51	59	65
30,	39	42	42

Hollidaysburg, Huntingdon Co., Pa., Oct. 31, 1843.

MR. F. MAHAN: Dear Sir,—It is with the highest gratification I address you at this time on the subject of your publication. Having myself been a practical cutter for some sixteen years, and from the knowledge and experience I have had of the different systems of Garment Cutting, I unhesitatingly declare yours to be the best, the most scientific, and correct, with which I am conversant; among these are Scott's, Willson's, Williams', Ward's and others, all systems predicated on a division of measures are liable to error unless a correct starting point be had. Thus, if one principal or line be given, its length for instance, and then measure either north, south or west by said line, making two angles, the quantity contained in any area thus measured, can be easily and correctly ascertained by the line aforementioned. Thus it is with your system, having once established the shoulder point as you direct, all other distances and measures are easily had, and truly demonstrated, so that there is no possible chance of a misfit. Yours, with the highest regard,

1t* BENJAMIN C. LYTLE.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Those living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us if attention was generally paid to this matter. It would be as well in as many cases as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master before sealing, as a mere line approving of the letter, and a frank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 20th March to the 2d April.

March 20, received from

Miss E. W. Forbes	$2 00	J. C. Clives	10 00
H. C. Johnson	3 00	J. C. Kimball	75
C. J. Boyd	2 00	J. Newton	1 40
J. Mengle	2 00	L. B. Trowbridge	2 00
Mrs. N. O'Brian	1 50	Miss E. McMath	1 42
A. H. O'Brian	1 50	J. Hicks	1 42
D. Mitchell	1 00	Barber & Nash	3 00
J. McKinney	2 00	J. F. Frazier	8 00
F. Maine	1 00	J. Hastings	6 00
S. Taylor	1 42	C. A. Gardner	1 00
Dr. W. T. Sparks	1 42		

March 21.

J. & L. Zimmerman	2 00	W. Nelson	2 00
J. Brintnall	2 00	J. Moore	3 25
Capt. S. Merrill	2 00	E. Roberts	2 00
J. B. Odell	2 00	T. G. McCulloh	3 00
D. P. Fox	10 00	M. Englebrech	2 00
H. Merry	5 00	T. Thompson	2 00
Miss S. Pinkerton	2 00	Dr. F. M. Moss	2 00
R. Lossin	2 00	G. A. Ritner	4 00
W. B. Coulter	2 00	W. M. Wray	10 00
J. D. Abbott	13 00	A. J. Alexander	1 00

March 22.

J. Mulsberger	2 00	W. R. Pennis	2 00
J. B. Jessup	2 00	E. Ford	2 00
P. McLear	2 00	T. Coates	3 00
H. J. Mitchell	2 00	J. Shreeve	2 00
G. Scott	2 00	E. Cline	4 00
J. Kissinger	2 00	A. Allerton	2 00
W. Hazzard	10 00	W. Black	2 00
D. McCreery	2 00	J. D. Paisley	10 00
S. L. Wallace	2 00	B. Andrews	2 00
Judge Comstock	2 00	W. M. Hassell	2 00
G. R. Norris	3 50	J. Margatts	2 00
C. J. Woods	2 00	J. S. Watson	4 00
W. S. Adams	1 00	C. Weaver	2 00
Miss S. A. Vincent	1 00	J. McGrath	4 00
J. Paxson	2 00	J. R. Worrell	2 00
J. H. Lippincott	2 00	S. W. Stockton	2 00

March 23.

J. Coulter	1 50	Dr. A. Sprague	2 00
A. McIntyre, Jr.	2 00	J. Lamoureux	1 62
Robinson & Jones	1 20	W. H. Safford	2 00
J. H. Stevenson	17 00	P. Sailes	1 50
F. Ogle	1 00	J. Gunkle	2 00
E. Clark	5 00	G. B. Sailer	12 25
J. W. Munson	2 00	A. Force	1 00
H. H. Bingham	4 00	H. M. Moore	5 00
M. B. Loomis	2 00	W. D. Jones	2 00
J. Jones	2 00	E. H. Fowler	2 00
T. B. Taliaferro	10 00	C. J. Raab	2 00
D. Thompson	2 00	J. T. Doll	10 00
J. B. Givin	3 00	W. Couch	4 00
J. W. Sands	6 00	N. M. Lewis	2 00
E. Sunderland	2 00		

March 25.

S. Eastburn	2 00	W. M. Carr	5 00
S. Jones	2 00	W. H. Wells	5 00
G. W. Brewer	2 00	R. Morrison	2 00
L. Runyon	8 00	C. C. Rice	2 00
E. S. Worrell	2 00	J. Ives	2 00
Capt. McFarland	2 00	D. B. Jones	2 50
R. H. Gager	5 00	W. S. Birdsall	7 00
W. L. Jacobs	2 00	A. McIntyre	2 00
L. S. Gilkey	2 00	B. Humphreys	2 00
J. Fox	2 00	A. H. Kane	2 00
W. T. Herndon	2 00	W. Chadwick	2 00
J. W. Stewart	3 00	A. Imlay	2 00
J. Pettibone	2 00	A. Wallace	2 00
J. Lowry	2 00		

March 26.

M. D. Whitridge	1 50	S. Dickson	2 00
Capt. J. Fassit	2 00	C. Stokes	3 00
D. Whitney	4 00	Dr. S. Delenbaugh	2 00
L. D. Taylor	8 00	J. Purcell	2 00
A. Paull	1 00	F. S. Groat	2 00
W. E. Lyons	2 00	L. D. Costin	2 00
M. Johnson	2 00	L. Adams	2 00
A. Mode	1 50	J. T. Sublett	2 00
J. S. Pringle	5 00	W. J. Trice	2 00
H. Hoge	2 00	W. P. Haywood	10 00
L. M. Spratley	2 00	C. Sheridan	3 00
P. Herndon	2 00	J. L. Hammond	2 00
J. B. Martin	4 00	G. B. Sweeny	2 00
T. Scott	2 00	J. Parker	2 00
J. McVea	2 00	N. D. Welch	6 00
J. W. Cardwell	2 00	S. M. Robinson	2 00
T. A. Gilham	2 00	Dr. H. W. Johnson	2 00
Sol Fry	2 00	G. McElrath	2 00
G. W. Simpson	2 00	M. D. Thurman	20 00

March 27.

W. J. Clark	20 00	G. Smith	2 00
D. Negley	3 75	J. A. Rocker	6 00
G. H. Sheldon	5 00	G. Allen	2 00
H. Clark, Jr.	1 25	F. Martin	1 25
J. Coleman	2 00	Ridge & Savitz	2 00
R. B. Hamlin	5 00	P. Snyder	1 00
Dr. J. G. Shackelford	2 00	Ira Washburn	6 00
J. Mitchell	10 00	W. J. Allenson	10 00
J. P. G. Finkel	2 00	G. Pillot	2 00
W. Cromley	2 00	D. T. Smith	2 00
N. G. Westcott	2 00	H. A. Dale	15 00
T. P. Dodge	25 00		

March 28.

J. Bigelow	2 00	J. S. Boyd	2 00
L. Dewey	2 00	T. Arner	2 00
Rev. P. Reilly	2 00	D. Conway	3 00
R. Cobean	1 25	B. B. Booth	2 00
R. D. Harley	10 00	J. M. Long	2 00
J. Griest	1 00	A. B. Dunn	10 00
J. Clyde	2 00	S. Weaver	50
J. N. Loken	2 00	W. Beacher	6 00
Mary W. Abraham	2 00	E. Schlichter	2 00
T. D. Bailey	15 00	C. Willis	2 00
J. Barndollar, Jr.	2 00	L. Greenawalt	4 00
S. Shearer	2 00		

March 29.

J. E. Wesner	1 00	H. Kinsel	2 00
B. Crowell	2 00	Maj. V. Urich	2 00
D. H. Cress	2 00	C. W. Horton	22 00
Howard & Moffitt	3 00	T. A. Hall	10 00
D. P. Laines	20 00	T. Allen	2 00
P. Rowes	1 00	J. Groves	1 00
L. W. Candler	5 00	C. McCreedy	2 00
F. M. Rawlings	2 00	D. P. Reed	15 00
G. W. Pamphrey	2 00	J. Sweet	2 00
B. J. Parmele	5 00	A. McBeth	2 00
J. Liston	2 00	E. Townsend	2 00
J. Smiley	5 00	E. R. Thomas	10 00
J. L. Turner	20 00		

March 30.

W. D. Whiting	2 00	D. Oldenburg	4 00
W. R. Agee	2 00	J. R. Weldin, agt.	49 82
F. Lee	1 00	S. Gibson, Jr.	2 00
B. Perry	2 00	J. J. Baxter	2 00
Robinson & Jones	1 50	W. C. Martin	2 00
R. Kennedy	2 00	J. B. Curtis	3 00
G. P. Mercer	2 30	J. W. Jones	2 00
J. Green	2 00	L. L. Griffin	2 00
A. Heawood	2 00	R. Blackwell	2 00
A. Crosier	2 00	C. Harder	9 00
G. Sayen	2 00	J. G. Downer	10 00
J. Cooper	2 00	D. Johnson	1 00
W. Wetherill	2 00	Mr. Nickens	6 00
A. Robeno	2 00	A. J. Dallas	2 00
J. W. Swift	2 00	G. R. Benton	5 62
W. Hogg	2 00	B. P. Sailer	12 00
I. Holden	2 00	H. C. Blumer	4 00
A. Coates	2 00	J. Waugh	1 50
S. Adams	2 00	E. W. Pelton	1 00
Misses S. & L. Johnson	2 00	J. Amberson	2 00

April 1.

T. Ashburner	2 00	Mrs. E. McKee	2 00
J. W. Rulon	2 00	N. Salisbury	2 00
W. T. Wordell	16 50	Miss M. Porter	2 00
J. Lees	11 62	O. Benton	2 00
Jane W. Prctlow	2 00	J. H. Lorman	10 00
W. D. Medlay	3 00	Luke Nichols	2 00
L. Young	2 00	T. P. Dixson	2 00
M. Wright	5 00	W. T. Weir	2 00
C. A. Dexter	1 00	W. D. Calfee	2 00
J. Cranmer	10 00	J. L. Ortlip	1 00
S. C. Mills	2 00	H. Riddick	4 00
H. M. Kesson	1 00	J. Showaker	2 00
H. H. Medley	5 00	J. H. & F. H. Morrell	1 00
D. Wilson	4 00	W. L. Cochran	12 00
E. Curtiss	10 00	J. Stiles	2 00

April 2.

L. Bradley	1 00	E. Hussey	5 00
J. G. Taylor	3 00	T. A. Haggerty	1 00
L. M. Harrington	2 00	S. Birley	5 00
W. F. Kison	2 00	C. Vance	1 50
J. D. Wells	2 00	R. H. Green	2 00
R. Cook	10 00	Sol Hardy	2 00
J. Riley	1 00	A. Hoopes	2 00
I. Deed	1 00	D. W. Turley	10 00
T. P. Durley	20 00	J. Upjohn	3 00
R. M. Gilmore	2 00		

TEN COPIES FOR ONE DOLLAR!
BIOGRAPHY OF HENRY CLAY,
Only Twelve and a Half Cents!

☞ The undersigned have just published a new and greatly improved edition of

THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF HENRY CLAY:

By EPES SARGENT, Esq., of the City of New York. Brought down to the year 1844. This work is published on clear and new type, in a neat octavo form, and put up with paper covers, with a new and handsome lithographic full length Portrait. It will be sold at 12½ cents for the single copy; *Ten Copies for One Dollar.* This is the fullest and most complete Biography of Mr. Clay ever published.

☞ Clay Clubs, Whig Committees, Booksellers and others, will please send in their orders as early as possible. Country merchants now about visiting the city will afford a favorable opportunity to those wishing to order.

GREELEY & McELRATH,
Tribune Buildings, 160 Nassau street, New York.
Supplied, also, Wholesale and Retail, by
mar 30-3t* G. B. ZIEBER & Co.
3 Ledger Building, Third and Chesnut sts., Philada.

GREAT IMPROVEMENT.

WHY DON'T ALLEN WARD ADVERTISE the great improvement which he has lately made in Systematical Garment Cutting? Do you give it up—yes. Then I will tell you. It is because his improvement being the best now in use advertises itself, and all agree who have tried it that it must supersede all other systems of Garment Cutting. Five dollars, sent by mail, to Allen Ward, No. 241 south Ninth street, Philadelphia, will pay for one year's supply of the work, which is warranted to contain more practical utility than all the other rules put together. mar 23-3t

ALMANAC.

April, 1844.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
6 SATURDAY,	5 37	6 23	4 59	
7 SUNDAY,	5 36	6 24	5 56	D. H. M.
8 MONDAY,	5 35	6 25	6 57	
9 TUESDAY,	5 33	6 27	7 57	
10 WEDNESDAY,	5 32	6 28	8 51	Full 3 1 54
11 THURSDAY,	5 31	6 29	9 42	Last 9 5 5
12 FRIDAY,	5 30	6 30	10 29	New 17 11 31
13 SATURDAY,	5 29	6 31	11 45	First 25 3 14

Married,

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. A. Tidshope, THEODORE M. WILLARD, of Philada. to Miss CHRISTIANA ROGERS, of Lancaster, Pa.

On the 21st ult. in Chester county, by the Rev. J. N. C. Grier, Mr. THOMAS B. TWEEDLE, of West Chester, to Miss JANE B. HUNTER, of Chester county.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, JAMES S. STAR, to HANNAH A. ROGERS, of East Bradford, Chester county.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. WM. JONES, of Maine, to Miss EMMA MORRIS, of Southwark.

In New Haven, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Croswell, WM. D. THOMPSON, of Philada., to HARRIET W., daughter of Wm. Mix, Esq. of the former place.

At Wilmington, N. C. on the 21st ult. by the Rev. R. Wilmer, Mr. WM. DE STRAC, merchant, of Wilmington, N. C. to Miss PAULINE GENEVIEVE, daughter of Mr. F. Losiani, formerly merchant, of Philada.

In Trenton, on Wednesday, the 27th ult. by the Rev. John Hall, Mr. MAHLON HUTCHINSON, Jr. of Bordentown, to Miss ANNA E. daughter of the late Capt. Chas. Hamilton, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. Urie, NICHOLAS THORN, to Miss ELIZABETH WHITEMAN, both of the N. Liberties.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, Mr. SAML. B. HOOD, of Bucks county, to Miss ROSINA A. VALLETTE, of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. S. H. Higgins, Mr. THOS. H. RAMSEY, of Bridgeton, N. J., to Miss CHARLOTTE WAY, daughter of Wm. Way, of this city.

On the 22d Feb. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JACOB H. NAYLOR, to Miss MARY MARTIN, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Dr. G. B. Perry, Mr. WM. B. WILKINSON, to Miss SUSAN H. daughter of the late J. Conrad, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, LOUIS W. TROUTMAN, to ANNA WHITE, daughter of Benj. Exler, Esq. all of this city.

Died,

On the 2d inst. JOHN A. BROWN, in the 24th year of his age.

On the 3d inst. GOTTLIEB SCHULTZ, in the 78th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. Mr. WM. B. DUNN, in his 60th year.

On the 1st inst. PETER S. DUPONCEAU, aged 84 years.

On the 1st inst. Capt. MILES McLAVEEN, in the 75th year of his age.

On the 1st inst. Mr. GEORGE CORT, in the 52d year of his age.

On the 2d inst. CATHARINE TEAGUE, aged 18 months.

On the 2d inst. after a lingering illness, MARIE BOUFFARD, aged 66 years, a native of Coutance, in France.

On the 30th ult. ELBERT ALBRIGHT, son of J. M. and M. A. Sherer, aged 1 year and 9 months.

At Germantown, on the 31st ult. of scarlet fever, VIRGINIA M. WOLF, daughter of Jonathan and Ann Wolf, aged 3 years and 8 months.

On the 30th ult. Mr. MICHAEL CHRISTOPHER, Jr. in the 37th year of his age.

On the 30th ultimo, in the 21st year of his age, JAMES, eldest son of G. W. and Maria Gillingham.

On the 30th ult. PRISCILLA, wife of Richard Pryor, in the 73d year of her age.

On the 30th ult. Miss SARAH GRAVES, in the 19th year of her age.

On the 28th ult. after a short illness, Mrs. ELIZABETH JANNEY, aged 72 years.

On the 30th ult. of consumption, Miss ELIZABETH FERGUSON.

On the 30th ult. aged 5 years, 10 months and 8 days, BYRON, youngest son of Horatio N. Moore.

At Bridesburg, on the 19th ult. after an illness of one week, DAVID SCATTERGOOD, in the 59th year of his age.

On the 1st inst. BENJAMIN REEVES, late of the firm of Reeves & Whitaker, in the 65th year of his age.

On the 31st ult. ELIZABETH H. wife of J. M. Bacon, of Whitehill, N. J. in the 27th year of her age.

On the 30th ult. JOHN POULSON, Jr. son of Wm. S. and Mary Poulson, aged 2 years, 2 months and 11 days.

At Norfolk, on the 28th ult. aged 65 years, Commodore E. PENDLETON KENNEDY, of the U. S. Navy, after a short but very severe attack of paralysis.

On the 28th ult. WM. COLEMAN, aged 73 years.

On the 27th ult. MARGARET, wife of Henry Rile, aged 27 years.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. ANN, consort of the late Peter S. Poole, aged 60 years.

On the 30th ult. ALFRED O. KNOWLAN, aged 23 years.

At his residence, Sugar Grove Farm, south of Richmond, Ind., JOS. PYLE, in the 56th year of his age, formerly of Philada.

Bank Note List.

COLLECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST
BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, April 6th, 1844.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bank,	par
Moyamensing bank,	par
Penn Township bank,	par
U. S. Bank notes,	25a30 dis
Girard do.	5 dis
Pennsyl'a do.	par
Germantown,	par
Del. Co. at Chester,	par
Chester Co., W. Chester,	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers' bk, Bucks co.	par
Farmers' bk, Reading,	½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	no sale
Lancaster Co. bk	½ dis
Lancaster bank,	½ dis
Far. bk, Lancaster,	½ dis
Lebanon,	1 dis
Harrisburg,	1 dis
Middletown,	1 dis
Carlisle,	1 dis
Columbia Bridge,	½ dis
Northumberland,	par
Miners' bk, Potts.	1½ dis
Wy'g bk, Wilkesb'e,	1½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	½ dis
" Certificates,	½ dis
" Post notes,	1 dis
Towanda,	30 dis
York,	1 dis
Gettysburg,	1 dis
Chambersburg,	1 dis
Waynesb'g p. notes,	3 dis
" Demand notes,	3 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	1½ dis
" Demand notes,	1½ dis
Erie,	3 dis
Berks county bank,	90 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk. Susquehanna co.	30 dis
Lewistown,	1½ dis
Lum. bk. Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	5 dis
Dom. Cred. Script,	22 dis
Lehigh Nav. Script,	30
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	—
Globe bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	—
Wool Growers' bank,	25 dis
Millers' bk of Clyde,	15 do
Far. bk, Seneca co.	30 do
Com. bk, New York,	2 do
Lafayette bank,	2 do
N. Y. Bkg. Co.	60 do
Dry Dock bank,	1 do
N. Am. Trust Co.	2 do
Bank Buffalo,	— do
Lewis Co.	1 do
Com. bk, Buffalo,	55 do
All solvent banks,	½a¾
Country banks,	¾ dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co.	Brokers.
Wayne county bank,	
Mer. and Planters',	
Del. county bank,	fraud
Ex. bk, Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Man. Co.	do
Red Backs,	½ dis
Post Notes on the various N. York banks no value	
NEW JERSEY	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bk at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
Monmouth bank,	no sale
N. Hope Del. Bridge,	½ dis
Tren. Banking Co. old,	par
All other banks,	par
Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hob. Bkg. & G. Co.	broke
Washington Bkg. Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lobard.	do
State bank at Trenton	do
Bank of N. Brunswick	do
Mec. bk. Paterson,	do
Under $5s,	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks,	1 dis

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	10 a —
Agricultural bank,	do
City bk, Portland,	do
Damariscotta,	do
Mercantile bank,	do
Stillwater Canal bk,	do
Bangor Com. bank,	do
Westbrook bank,	do
Citizens' bank,	do
Globe bank,	do
Washington co.	do
Frankford bank,	do
All solvent banks,	½
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	1½
Bk of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks,	½
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks,	½
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks,	½
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	par
Patapsco bank,	par
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Frederickton,	½ dis
Hagerstown,	½ dis
Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown,	no sale
Westminster,	½ dis
Williamsport,	½ dis
Cumberland,	1½ dis
Salisbury,	5 dis
Franklin bank,	5 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Fred. County, bank,	½ dis
Broken bks, various	prices
Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes,	4 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmers' bk, Del.	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
Under $5s,	½ dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	½ dis
Georgetown,	½ dis
Far. and Mechanics'	½ dis
Alexandria,	½ dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics' bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchants' bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branches,	½ dis
Farmers' bk & brah's,	½ dis
Valley bk and branch,	½ dis
Ex. bk, and branches,	½ dis
Wheeling,	1½ dis
Wheeling post notes,	1½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	1½
Small notes,	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's,	5
Ocmulgee,	—
Monroe R. R.	—
Columbus,	—
Phœnix bank,	failed
Exchange bank,	—
Chat. R. R. bank,	—
Central bk of Mill.	—
Georgia R. R. Co.	—
Rucker Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks,	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks,	9 dis
Small notes,	10 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati,	1½ dis
Solvent bank notes,	3 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	40 dis
State bank,	35 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	1½ dis
Small notes,	2½ dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1 dis
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks,	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
Southern Life and Transportation Co.	—
CANADA.	
Montreal,	

Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ½ prm.
" Boston,	" "
" Baltimore,	½ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes.	5a6 dis

SPRING FASHIONS.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF SPRING MILLINERY will be opened at JOHNSON'S, No. 20 Chesnut street, on Wednesday, March 27. mar 23-3t*

FROM THOUSANDS AND TENS OF THOUSANDS of the most unequivocal testimonials of the virtues of DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY, upon the weakened and diseased constitution, Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Spitting of Blood, Tickling in the Throat, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, &c., is sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical that there is not its equal amongst the whole catalogue of medicines. Only prepared by DR. SWAYNE, N. W. corner of EIGHTH and RACE streets, Philadelphia.

The only genuine Dr. Payne's Syrup of Wild Cherry ... (side text, partly illegible)

BOOTS AND SHOES BY THE PACKAGE.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS RECEIVING CONSTANTLY, direct from the manufacturers, an assortment of good quality Boots and Shoes, suitable for city or country trade, which he will dispose of at the lowest prices for cash or city acceptances. Purchasers are invited to call and examine this stock before purchasing elsewhere. THOS. L. EVANS,
jan 6-1y* No. 69 Chesnut below 3d street.

THOMAS J. McCLAIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND POST MASTER AT WARREN, OHIO, will attend faithfully to business entrusted to him. feb 17-2m

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON, OF GRAHAM & CHRISTY, Number 2, ASTOR HOUSE, NEW-YORK.
OF ROBINSON & JONES, MAIN STREET above FOURTH ST. CINCINNATI.
J. W. COOK, No. 85 FOURTH St. PITTSBURGH.
OF MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

Sacred Poetry.

THE SACRED FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,

BY DARWIN L. WHEELER.

In the grave-yard are lovely and beautiful flowers,
As ever were seen in the meadows or bowers:
There the elegant rose and the sweet-briar bloom,
And the violet too, by each silent tomb—
Where they grow for the living and dead, and there
Their odors are given to sweeten the air!
And should we take from the hallowed place,
A flower that blossoms the tomb to grace?
Must the garland be taken away from the urn,
When it speaks our friends who will never return?
No! the flowers that compose the most beautiful wreath,
Give joy to the living made lonely by death.
We may gather fair flowers in the forest or glen,
Where grief never wishes them back again;
But those that in the church-yard grow—
Should be left to droop on the graves below:
Oh, who will go to gather them where
They smile o'er the dead in the balmy air?
I view'd them once while wandering by,
Where the tall grass bent o'er the graves that lie
Near by a neighboring brook, whose tone
Brought forth in my mind the likeness of One
Who smiled on the flowers that sweetly bloomed—
On the hallowed spot where she lies entombed;
Then the rose was fair, and the violet sweet,
That grew by her tomb in the sacred retreat:
And why should I mourn for one who has gone
To her heavenly home to be smiled upon;
Where flow'rets or blossoms can never decay,
Like the perishing ones which grow over her clay.

Our Traveller.

POLAND.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF ITS SECOND DIVISION.

France is now the country in which most of the works relating to the History of Russia, Poland and Germany are published; the presses of those countries being too much controlled by the censorship to allow an independent thought to go forth in print to the public.

The work of the *Marquis of Custine*, which has lately created such an excitement throughout Europe, has scarcely left the press, before the posthumous work of *Julien Ursin Niemcewicz*, "Notes on my captivity in St. Petersburg, in 1794, '95 and '96," published after the manuscript autograph, by order of the Polish Historical Committee in Paris, attracts general attention of the reading public. There seems to be a fatality over Poland ever since the first division of that unfortunate country under Catharine II., which completely destroyed the effect of every virtue of the people and the most exalted patriotism of individuals. The history of Poland is a terrible drama, in which the nation in vain struggles against fate, and on which the curtain finally falls without having appeased the minds of the spectators.

Poland had given herself without commotion or bloodshed the constitution of 1791, the only one that Poland ever had, calculated to develope her national resources and give strength to her form of government. Austria and Prussia apparently approved of it; publicly its adaptation to the state of the country was acknowledged by Pitt and Burke.

But Catharine II. having finished the war with the Turks, commenced the intrigues, which ended with the confederacy of Targowica. Russian troops soon advanced toward the frontier of Poland, which in vain relied on the assistance of Prussia and Austria. On the contrary, in 1793 a Prussian army entered Poland, because, as the manifesto declared "the spirit and corrupt principles of the French Revolution had also spread in Poland."

The second division of that unfortunate country at last took place when there remained a small republic of three and a half millions of inhabitants, the rest was portioned out to Russia, Prussia and Austria. But the brutality of the Russians in Warsaw excited a new rebellion, at the head of which was Kosciusko, the great Polish patriot.

At first the fortune of war smiled upon Kosciusko, until at the battle of Maciejowice, (10th October, 1794) the Polish army was entirely defeated by the Russian General *Fersen*, Kosciusko wounded, taken prisoner and transported to St. Petersburg. His fate was shared by the poet and political writer Niemcewicz. Some years after this the latter wrote at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, the history of his imprisonment and life in a Russian dungeon, which, however, was never published till after his death, by the above named Polish patriotic society in Paris.

The battle of Maciejowice he describes thus: In a few hours the victory of the Russians was complete. Between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon a dying man was brought on a bier into the Russian camp—it was Kosciusko. The blood covering his head singularly contrasted with the bluish white color of his face. He had received a sabre cut across his head and a deep wound of a lance in his back. He only became conscious of his situation on the following morning, when to his great joy, he perceived that his friend Niemcewicz was by his side. The latter had his arm fractured by a musket ball. The National Council of Poland declared themselves ready to exchange all the Russian generals, officers and soldiers, three thousand in all, for the commander Kosciusko, but the Russian Commander-in-Chief declined the offer. The prisoners were conducted, much to their surprise, to St. Petersburg and not to Siberia.

This journey the author describes as affording proofs of the singular compound of brutality and rapacity of the Russians of all grades. A Russian Major Titow who conducted the escort, never failed within hearing of the prisoners to indulge in the coarsest invectives against Poland and her patriots. He was, at first, opposed by Niemcewicz; but soon after left to enjoy his tirades himself. To avenge this insult (the complete silence of the prisoners) the major ordered the wooden carriage window to be shut, in the hope of preventing Niemcewicz, who had taken up a book, from reading. But fortunately there was a little hole in the carriage, through which sufficient light was admitted for the latter to continue his amusement. Frantic with rage, and determined to show his superior education, the Russian major exclaimed: "Read on sir, by all means; as learned as Pygmalion you will never be."——

"Pygmalion a philosopher"—exclaimed the author's companion, Fischer. "And that surprises you," rejoined the Russian major—"how ignorant you are with all your books! Know then that our Greek religious brother Pygmalion was so learned that he taught a lady of marble, whom he had attached to his household to read, write and talk fluently." "Ah, indeed, I do remember," observed the prudent German, "it was under the reign of Empress Anne."

On the 10th of December, 1794, the prisoners arrived at St. Petersburg. Niemcewicz was sent to the citadel Petro-Palowsky, where he remained twenty-six months locked up in a small room. The Procurator General (Minister of the Interior) Samoilow, undertook himself his examination, in order to learn the secret springs of the Polish rebellion; but Niemcewicz answered that nothing had occurred in Poland which was not known to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, as indeed, to the whole of Europe. Neither threats nor promises of reward produced the least effect on the prisoner who, at last, was told that his captivity should never end in this life. Niemcewicz was particularly obnoxious to the Russian Court, as a writer. Some of his works against Russia, had accidentally been brought under the notice of the Empress, who was so incensed against him, as not to allow his name to be mentioned in her presence.

The prison in which Niemcewicz was placed, was built by Peter the Great its first inmate was the son of the latter, the unfortunate Alexis. Benjowski too, remained there a few days before his transportation to Siberia.

Kosciusko had been at first lodged in the house of the commander of the fortress, but was soon after transferred to the Palace Orlow. A carriage was permitted, in company of a Russian officer, to take a drive to all parts of the capital. A rolling arm chair was also presented him, by which he was enabled to be moved about in the garden, and he received instruction in the turning trade, for which he always evinced great fondness.

All that has been said and written about Kosciusko's imprisonment in a damp dungeon is, therefore, a mere fable. Kosciusko, among all the Polish prisoners, was the only one who found favor with the empress. She wanted to treat him as an innocent and passive instrument, and not as the originator of the Polish Revolution—he was pitied as the victim of dangerous persons, such as Niemcewicz, and others.

Niemcewicz, while in prison, passed his time chiefly with literary labors. He wrote an elegy on the Battle of Maciejowice, on Poland's misfortunes; translated the Indian Hut, by *Bernardin de St. Pierre, Racine's* Athalie, Pope's "Rape of the Lock," and wrote a variety of tales and fables. He was never permitted to take the air; but the Empress paid enormous sums for his and Kosciusko's table, though according to the system of thieving introduced for centuries in Russia, not more than one fourth of the amount was actually expended by the wardens.

At last the day of delivery arrived. Catharine II. died on the 17th of November, 1796. She had, in all probability, been poisoned, and remained thirty hours in a state of the most terrible convulsions. Niemcewicz describes, with a good deal of humor, the embarrassment of the Russian courtiers on this occasion. As often as the body of the Empress moved, they cried out aloud and thronged the bed of the dying woman; when it remained for a while without motion, so as to warrant the belief that death was approaching, they left the bed and crowded round the person of the successor; the old Empress *might* recover; but the robust successor was sure of seizing upon the sceptre.

Ten days after the death of the Empress, Paul paid a visit to Kosciusko, in order to announce to him his liberty. Marshal Potocki received also a visit from the Emperor who, on this occasion, observed, "That he had always opposed the division of Poland, which had been as unjust as impolitic an act." A few days subsequently, Niemcewicz also obtained his liberty.

On the 19th of December, 1796, Kosciusko, who was still suffering from his wounds, and Niemcewicz, left St. Petersburg for Sweden and England, whence they embarked for the United States. Previous to that, however, Kosciusko, Niemcewicz, Potocki, and the other imprisoned Poles, had to pledge themselves by an oath, "that they would not only be true and faithful to the Emperor, but also ready to spill their blood for his glory," and that "they would discover whatever they might learn that could be dangerous to his person or his empire." And at last they had to promise, that in whatever part of the globe they might happen to be, they should be ready, at a single word of the Emperor, to quit all, and appear at his presence.

This oath was broken by Niemcewicz, in 1830; "for," says the author, "in him the idea of the Polish Nationality was personified, which is more than a mere position, and cannot be bought or exchanged for any imperial favor." He was, by the Diet, sent to London to obtain the assistance of Great Britain; but while there, heard of the Capitulation of Warsaw.

He remained yet awhile in England; but at last went to Paris, where he became one of the most active members of the Committee of Polish Patriots. He died on the 21st of May, 1841, at the advanced age of eighty-four, leaving a great number of unpublished works, which will speedily be put to press by the Committee. What we have presented to our readers, is an extract of that already published.

Selected Articles.

ANOTHER MONUMENT.

We learn from the Telegraph, that through the exertions of Jas. F. Watson, Esq., of Germantown, a monument will shortly be erected over the remains of Gen. Nash, of North Carolina, who died of wounds received at the battle of Germantown; also of Col. Boyd, Major White, of Philadelphia, and Lieut. Smith, of Virginia, who were also mortally wounded in the same battle. They rest side by side, near the Washington Camp at Wampole's field, in the Methodist Meeting-house ground, near Kulpsville, Montgomery county.

The sum required to cover the expenses, has nearly been already subscribed in this place and at Norristown, and it is expected that in the course of one or two months, this appropriate tribute to the memory of those brave men and martyrs in their country's cause, will be erected on the spot where their remains now lie buried without stone or "storied urn." The liberality of our friends in Germantown and Norristown, in this, and in other instances, is worthy of all emulation.

Speaking of monuments, the New Yorkers are talking of building one to Washington; touching which matter, the wicked wit of the Pennsylvanian thus discourseth.

If the Gothamites want to know how to erect a Washington monument in the cheapest possible way, let them come to Philadelphia and take the "ground plan of ours." It lies deep and has nothing superficial about it. Tempests shake it not, nor is it at all liable to accident or mutilation, and the only objection to which it is critically liable is as to the difficulty of finding its whereabouts; but if the stranger will hie him to the central grass plot of our Washington Square, he will find a woodman's "blaze" upon a pine tree, within a few feet of which lies quietly buried the corner stone of the Philadelphia monument to the "Father of his Country," it having reposed there in perfect peace since the Centennial celebration of 1832, when we commenced the work with all due pomp and circumstance, marching in procession and going through every requisite formality. We felicitated ourselves upon our cleverness, our liberality, our patriotism, our respect for the memory of the illustrious dead, and then, we went home to dinner, leaving the corner stone "alone in its glory." For several years there was an impression on the public mind that the stone would germinate and sprout, and that a monument might perhaps peer spontaneously through the grass some warm spring morning, and tower in due progression to the required height, complete in architectural embellishment and classic grace; but our anticipations in this respect have been sadly disappointed. A Cadmus may reap crops of soldiers and harvest battalions by sowing broadcast the teeth of a dragon; but our soil is deficient in such vigor, and at least will not bud and blossom into marble monuments.

USEFUL ADVICE TO SOME SORTS OF PEOPLE.

When you are introduced to a stranger, be sure to ask and find out all his business, and pump as much out of him as you can; because questions are the very keys of knowledge.

You should always look ahead; therefore, never do to-day which you can do to-morrow.

Always avoid selfishness; therefore, never do that yourself which you can procure any body else to do.

If a secret be communicated to you, be very careful to keep it; and, to make sure work of it, get two or three to help you.

If you are unmarried, and in love, take to writing verses; nothing sooner gives a patient in such circumstances relief and comfort.

If your mistress be cruel, make some more verses, and ask her pardon on your knees, and kiss her hand through her glove.

When you have become tired of her company, excuse yourself for leaving her, by saying it is so good that a little answers your purpose.

If you are married, give short answers to your wife; for least said is soonest mended.

If you are not fond of her, look as cross as you feel; nothing charms like sincerity.

If you are fond of her, let the world know it, by kissing her hand, talking tenderly to her, and looking sweetly at her, in company.

When your wife is in a passion, remember and fly in one yourself; the way to stop a fire in the woods is to kindle another to meet it, and thus extinguish the whole.

Always mind and have the last word; because a man of business should never leave it unfinished.

Spend your evenings at the tavern; and then your wife will be delighted to see you on your return.

When you walk out with her, keep a few paces before her, by way of eminence.

When you ride in a chaise with her, look well to the right, and talk principally to your horse; this will preserve family peace.

Tell her of her faults before folks; and then others can have the benefit of your advice as well as she.

Never praise her for her virtues, lest it make her vain and assuming.

A beautiful Oriental proverb runs thus: "With time and patience, the mulberry leaf becomes satin."

A TRUE PICTURE.

How many thousands are there in large cities, who, with every means of happiness within their grasp, are toiling with anxious hearts and throbbing brows to amass fortune which they may never enjoy; wearing out their best days in feverish excitement, and denying themselves and families the gleam of content, which cheers even the hovels of the absolutely poor. How full of instruction would the personal history of the inhabitants of the smallest city be! What mad ambition—what wretchedness consequent upon it would fill each page of such an history.

"How many have entered a great city, full of high hopes for the future, and sanguine in their dreams of glory! How few of these were heard of more, or escaped being swallowed up in the thousands whose portion is misery! Every where they moved, they found a barrier to oppose them. Here, pride poured down disdain upon them, and spurned their modest talents; there, Pleasure wooed them with her thousand lures, and left them at last, victims to despair. Deceit, fraud, cunning, drew their coils around them; till, stunned and perplexed, they sunk, unresistingly into the snare, and vanished from the crowd of stragglers. Now and then, it may be, one emerges from the mass, pale, care-worn, and unquiet. He has attained his object; he has wealth, and he may sit down to taste of those luxuries which haunted his young day-dreams. Alas! he has no longer the taste for enjoyment! He has grown cold and selfish; his old friendships have long ceased to exist; he could not keep them in 'the world;' and, though there are many round him, he knows they envy his wealth, and care little for its owner. Riches have brought their penalty; he is suspicious, and his nights are spent in watching. He has no joys, no pleasures; but he has a splendid funeral when he dies, and a tomb-stone, which records that Peter Jones raised himself by his own industry to affluence, and died at the age of seventy-two, full of infirmities, and, (so says the stone) charity of the world. Something is added by way of example to others, but not a syllable of the soul-stricken sinner, who, before he died, reluctantly confessed that his toil had been all labor ill spent, and that he would willingly have given up all his wealth, to be the poor, happy, honest lad who entered town with but three cents in his pocket, but a store of content at his heart, worth all the honors that ever devolved on care-bent shoulders."

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE PROPHECY OF THE TWELVE TRIBES.

"And Jacob called unto his sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days.

"Gather yourselves together, and hear, ye sons of Jacob; and hearken unto Israel your father."—*Genesis, xlix. 1, 2, &c.*

The Patriarch sat upon his bed—
His cheek was pale, his eye was dim;
Long years of woe had bow'd his head,
And feeble was the giant limb;
And his twelve mighty sons stood nigh,
In grief—to see their father die!

But, sudden as the thunder roll,
A new-born spirit fill'd his frame,
His fainting visage flush'd with soul—
His lip was touch'd with living flame;
And burst, with more than prophet fire,
The stream of Judgment, Love, and Ire.

"Reuben!* thou spearhead in my side,
Thy father's first-born, and his shame;
Unstable as the rolling tide,
A blight has fall'n upon thy name
Decay shall follow thee and thine;
Go, outcast of a hallow'd line!

"Simeon and Levi,† sons of blood
That still hangs heavy on the land;
Your flocks shall be the robber's food,
Your folds shall blaze beneath his brand.
In swamp and forest shall ye dwell:
Be scatter'd among Israel!

"Judah‡! All hail, thou priest, thou king!
The crown, the glory shall be thine;
Thine, in the fight, the eagle's wing—
Thine, on the hill, the oil and wine.
Thou lion! nations shall turn pale
When swells thy roar upon the gale.

"Judah, my son, ascend the throne,
Till comes from heaven the unborn king—
The prophesied, the mighty one,
Whose heel shall crush the serpent's sting
Till earth is paradise again,
And sin is dead, and death is slain!

"Wide as the surges, Zebulon,§
Thy daring keel shall plough the sea;
Before thee sink proud Sidon's son,
And strong Issachar toil for thee,
Thou reaper of his corn and oil,
Lord of the giant and the soil!

"Whose banner flames in battle's van?
Whose mail is first in slaughter gored?
Thou, subtler than the serpent, Dan,‖
Prince of the arrow and the sword.
Woe to the Syrian charioteer,
When rings the rushing of thy spear!

"Crush'd to the earth by war and woe,
Gad,¶ shall the cup of bondage drain,
Till bold revenge shall give the blow
That pays the long arrear of pain.
The cup shall glow with tyrant gore,
Then be thy son—and man once more!

"Loved Naphtali,** the snow-white hind
Shall bask beneath the rose and vine,
Proud Asher, to the mountain wind,
Shall star-like blaze thy battle sign.
All bright to both, from birth to tomb.
The heavens all sunshine, earth all bloom!

"Joseph,†† come near—my son, my son!
Egyptian prince, Egyptian sage,
Child of my first and best-loved one—
Great guardian of thy father's age.
Bring Ephraim and Manasseh nigh,
And let me bless them ere I die.

"Hear me, thou God of Israel!
Thou, who hast been his living shield
In the red desert's lion-dell,
In Egypt's famine-stricken field,
In the dark dungeon's chilly stone,
In Pharaoh's chair—by Pharaoh's throne.

"My son, all blessings be on thee.
Be blest abroad, be blest at home;
Thy nation's strength, her living tree,
The well to which the thirsty come,
Blest be thy valley, blest thy hill,
Thy father's God be with thee still!

"Thou man of blood, thou man of might,
Thy soul shall ravin, Benjamin,‡‡
Thou wolf by day, thou wolf by night,
Rushing through slaughter, spoil, and sin,
Thine eagle's beak, and vulture's wing
Shall curse the nation with a king!"

Then ceased the voice, and all was still
The hand of death was on the frame;
Yet gave the heart one final thrill,
And breathed the dying lip one name:
"Sons, let me rest by Leah's side!"
He raised his eyes to Heaven and died.

HAVILAH.

* The privileges of the *first born* passed away from the tribe of Reuben, and were divided among his brethren. The double portion of the inheritance was given to Joseph—the Priesthood to Levi—and the Sovereignty to Judah. The tribe never rose into national power, and it was the first which was carried into captivity.

† The massacre of the Shechemites was the crime of two brothers. For a long period the tribe of Simeon was depressed; and its position on the verge of the Amalekites, always exposed to its suffering. The Levites though finally entrusted with the priesthood, had no inheritance in Palestine; they dwelt scattered among the tribes.

‡ The tribe of Judah was distinguished from the beginning of the nation. It led the van in the march to Palestine. It was the first appointed to expel the Canaanites. It gave the first Judge, Othniel. It was the tribe of David; and, most glorious of all titles, was the Tribe of our Lord.

§ Zebulon was a maritime tribe—its location extending along the sea-shore, and stretching to the borders of Sidon. The tribe of Issachar were located in the country afterwards called Lower Galilee; were chiefly tillers of the soil, were never distinguished in the military or civic transactions of the nation; and as they dwelt among the Canaanites, seem to have habitually served for hire. Issachar is characterized as the "strong ass"—a drudge, powerful, but patient.

‖ The Tribe of Dan were remarkable for the daring of their exploits in war, and not less so for their stratagems. Their great chieftain Sampson, distinguished alike for strength and subtlety, might be an emblem of their qualities and history.

¶ Gad, a tribe engaged in continual and memorable conflicts.

** Naphtali and Asher inhabited the most fertile portions of Palestine.

†† The two tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh descended from Joseph, possessed the finest portion of the land along both sides of the Jordan. The united tribes numbered a larger population than any of the rest. Besides Joshua, five of the twelve judges of Israel were of the united tribes. In the formation of the kingdom of Israel, an Ephraimite was the first king.

‡‡ The tribe of Benjamin was conspicuous for valor. But its turbulence and ferocity wrought its fall, in the great battles recorded in Judges xix and xx. Saul was of this fierce tribe. It was finally lost in that of Judah.

This great prophecy was delivered about three hundred years before the conquest of Palestine.

The Humorist.

☞ Young B——, who has just arrived from the army at the Cape, was conversing the other evening about the predilection which the lion always exhibits for the flesh of an Hottentot. "A *hot* what!" replied Lady G——. "A *hottentot*, my dear Lady G——," rejoined the young lieutenant. "Bless my soul," exclaimed her ladyship, "this is the first time that I ever heard they *cooked* the lion's victuals abroad."

☞ A ploughman in England lately became deeply enamored of a milkmaid on a neighboring farm. His addresses were rejected, and the disappointed swain, full of melancholy and vengeance, procured a strong cord, went out to the barn, and—horrible to relate—*tied all the cows tails together!*

☞ To clear wine, draw it off in bottles, which expose in an airy thoroughfare for several days, placing a corkscrew in each bottle, which must not be watched. A larger quantity may be sooner cleared in this manner than in any other.

☞ "As you do not belong to my parish," said a clergyman to a begging sailor with a wooden leg, "you cannot expect that I should relieve you." "Sir," said the sailor, with a noble air, "I lost my leg fighting for all parishes!"

☞ "Will you take my arm?" said a gallant to a young lady, after the dance broke up. "La, yes; and *you*, too, seeing it's leap-year," was the quick reply.

NEW BOOTS.

These boots were never made for me,
They are too short by half—
I want them long enough, d'ye see,
To cover all the calf.

"Wait, sir," said Last, with stifled laugh,
To alter them I'll try;
But if they cover all the calf,
They must be *five feet high*."

☞ The following is not a bad specimen of the havoc sometimes made by those who write complimentary notes in the third person:—"Mr. A. presents his compliments to Mr. B. *I* have got a hat which is not *his*, if *he* have got a hat which is not *yours*, no doubt they are the expected one."

☞ Hoffman, the German poet, uses the following awful word in one of his poems: "Steuerverweigerungsverfassungsmassigberechtig!" Meaning a man who is exempt by the constitution from the payment of taxes.

☞ "How wise we would be did we but know our own ignorance," said a moralizing youth one day, to his friend. "Yes," returned the person addressed, "we would then know every thing we don't know."

☞ "Oh! I pant for glory, I pant for renown!" said a ragged son of genius to his friend. "Well, if you've got a *pair of pants* you'd better put them on," was the cool and relentless reply.

☞ In the course of the Irish state trials, Mr. Whiteside quoted an extraordinary figure once used by an advocate: "I smell a rat—I see it brewing in the storm—and I will crush it in the bud!"

☞ A shoemaker in Connecticut bought some shoe pegs made of rotten wood. Not being able to use them, he took his knife and sharpened the other end of them and then *sold them for oats*.

☞ "I understand," said a deacon to his neighbor, "that you are becoming a hard drinker." "That is a slander," replied the neighbor, "for no man can drink easier."

LOVE AND LIGHTNING.

A lady, who her love had sold,
Ask'd if a reason could be told
Why wedding rings were made of gold?
I ventured thus t' instruct her:
Love, ma'am, and lightning are the same—
On earth they glance, from Heaven they came;
Love is the soul's electric flame
And *gold* its best conductor.

Choice Selections.

AN EXAMPLE TO STUDENTS.

We find in the correspondence of the Boston Transcript, some very interesting particulars relative to the mode of life of Dr. Charles Anthon. He is, perhaps, the most learned, certainly the most industrious man in the country. He is an indefatigable student; at his books fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, or writing, writing, writing. He thinks nothing of turning you out four classical books, with copious notes, in a year, and will throw you in a Grammar and a Classical Dictionary. Of course, Master Sophomore, you imagine him a pale, worn, thin, haggard anatomy, looking too fragile to cast a shadow, with spectacles and a scratch. You are mistaken. Dr. Charles Anthon, author and editor of works too numerous to mention, except in the catalogue of the Bodleian library, is a hale, hearty, thick-set stout bachelor of forty, or thereabouts, with a frank, cheerful countenance, an unwrinkled brow, and rubicund visage—as if, instead of musty folios, those joyous sisters, Air and Exercise, had been his life-time companions.

Of course, likewise, oh, verdant collegian, you conjecture that he "wastes the midnight oil." Mistaken again, he is no such prodigal of the great treasure—health. He goes to bed—at least so he told me, and as he isn't a lawyer, I see no reason to doubt his veracity—every night at nine o'clock, and rises every morning—when do you think!

"Ye who till noon upon your down-beds lie
Inviting feverish sleep"

at two o'clock! My stars! Rare sport it must be of a winter's morning, the mercury at zero! Moreover, he lights his own fire. He has two alarm clocks in his dormitory—one set to strike half an hour before the other, so that if the first does not arouse him, the second *shall*. With his morning lamp, "trimmed and burning," he studies and writes, till it "gins to pale its ineffectual fire" before the smiles of that punctual leaver of the saffron-bed of Tithonus—Madame Aurora. Nor even then does he rest from his labors, but toils on, with a brief intermission for breakfast, till the ringing of the Grammar School bell at nine, calls him to the discharge of his Professional duties. Behold, ingenuous youths of my country, an example worthy of sedulous imitation! You may well exclaim it is not to be wondered at, if such are Dr. Anthon's habits, that he can perform so prodigious an amount of work. Therefore sing out with the hospitable Persian, "May he live a thousand years; may his shadow never be less!"

The Fork and the Potato.—Phasm is one of the most amiable and accommodating creatures in the world; but, then, there is a limit to amiability itself, as a person found, the other day, who was one of Phasm's nearest neighbors at the table of a public house in this city. The individual, for several days, had been so constantly in the habit of *troubling* Phasm, instead of the waiters, for "this, that, and the other" article, on the table, that the latter began to feel "wolfy," not only "about the head and shoulders," but *all over*, and was ready for almost any kind of a "flare-up" with his *foe*. An opportunity was finally offered. "I'll *trouble* you," said Phasm's tormenter, at the same time giving him his fork, "to stick my fork into the potato." "No trouble at all, sir," said Phasm, plunging the fork into the potato, and there *leaving* it. "I'll trouble you for my fork now, if you please." "No trouble at all," replied Phasm, pulling the fork *out of the potato*, and returning it! Phasm says that he has not been *troubled*—by *that* chap—since.—*Tran.*

OTHELLO IN IRISH.

The editors of the Picayune have come across an elegant *narrain*—no less than a version of Othello's celebrated defence done up in Irish, in the most approved form. The Picayune says of it:

"We have recently, no matter how, got hold of a tattered and venerable looking manuscript—which, from its appearance, might well have been written a century before the age of Elizabeth—from which we are able to make out the following passage in tolerably distinct characters. It reads to us exactly like Attic Irish so far as the phraseology is concerned, yet we think we detect the strongest resemblance in the thought to a celebrated passage in Shakspeare. It would not become us—so little versed in the antiquities of literature—to decide whether Shakspeare drew his defence of the Moor from some long-forgotten Hibernian author, or whether some Yankee Chatterton has been attempting to impose upon our credulity. The manuscript before us certainly looks as if it were authentic, and very 'illigant Irish' at that:"

"Most illigant and beautiful ould gintlemen,
My jolly cocks, an' is it there ye are?
That I have carried off a purty girl,
The ould man's daughter, like an honest woman,—
Oh, d—n the lie I'll tell ye's for it's thrue!
Now, here's the head and front of what I've done,
And where's the Irishman, I'd like to know,
That wouldn't do the same? ha! ha! *achush*
I'm not a counsellor at law, ye see,
Nor did I ever swallow dictionaries,
For since this arm could flourish a shillelah,
Until I fell in love with Bess Malony,
I've kept a groggery at Donnybrook;
And therefore all the larnin' that I've got
Is about bung'd-up peepers or cracked crowns.
So maybe I shall make a clumsy fist
In what I've got to say—be aisy, now,
And I'll just spin ye's out the sacred truth
About Miss Bess Malony!
Her father, the ould thief, made out to love me,
And axed me often to a jug of whiskey,
Wanting to hear the sprees I had been through
I tould him all, from when I was a brat
Until the time he axed me of my fight
With Mickey Doolan—and the pretty row
I kicked up at the racing course last year—
Of being taken to the county jail,
And how I got away. In troth, I tould
My life and history to old Malony.
Well, sirs, Miss Bess kept listening to the story
Except when she would have to milk the cow,
Or feed the pigs, or something. Well, one day
What does she do but up ferninst my face,
She tould me she'd like to have a husband
As much like me as could be! What did I?
By my troth, sirs, I eased her in my arms,
And ran with her away to Father Murphy.
I tould her, as it wasn't at all likely
That Ireland held another man like me,
I'd give myself away, and so I did!
And that's the way to tell it!"

Tit for Tat.—A once celebrated physician who resided in, and was well known through the county of Norfolk, and who set a high value upon his services, had occasion to call at a tavern in a neighboring town for a dinner, which, having partaken of, the landlord invited him, as he was present, to look at a child of his that was a little unwell, which he accordingly did, and prescribed some trifling medicine. After which, the landlord inquired what was to pay. "Seven dollars," replied the doctor, at the same time directing him to deduct the price of his dinner. "But," says the doctor, suddenly, "what do you charge for my dinner?" "*Seven dollars*," replied the landlord. "Very well," says the doctor, "*we'll call our account square*. Good bye, landlord."

Advertising.—The mass of those attempting to do business, have a very imperfect notion of the immense advantages of advertising. Many a man gives a thousand dollars a year for a favorable stand, yet grudges a hundred for advertising; not reflecting that a hundred men would be made acquainted with his business through the newspapers where one would pass and observe his store, though in the most favorable location. There are a few who understand this matter and are making fortunes, while thousands around them are toiling in like pursuits barely to live, and often failing in that.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE FARMER BOY.

Tune—*Old Queen Bess.*

How fresh into my mind is the reminiscence now,
Of the merry, merry days, when I rode the horse to plough;
I went of errands up and down, in weather foul and fair,
And, did a frolicking happen, you might always find me there.
Oh, the very many pleasant days, when I was blithe and young;
A little, barefoot farmer boy, I whistled and I sung!

I lived with Deacon Dobie, and he taught me how to mow,
How to plough, and how to harrow, how to plant, and how to hoe,
How to reap, and how to bind, and how to load the hay and grain,
How to stack it too, when need there was, to keep it from the rain.
Oh, the very many pleasant days, &c.

I angled down the rillet, and went nutting on the hill,
And, when the rye and Indian failed, they'd send me off to mill.
I milked the brindled heifer, and fed the bonny cows,
Though sometimes I was careless, and so tumbled off the mows.
Oh, the very many pleasant days, &c.

A pair of bright and noble beeves, a stout and nervous nag,
Made out the Deacon's sturdy team, that ne'er was known to lag.
I could haw it—I could gee it, I could back, and go ahead;
Ay, none could go before me with the plough, or cart, or sled.
Oh, the very many pleasant days, &c.

On Sundays, I the sorrel always harnessed in the chaise,
When the deacon and the deaconess were quickly on their ways.
The family, both one and all, to church ne'er failed to go;
The reason, if one staid at home, the deacon, fain would know.
Oh, the very many pleasant days, &c.

Profanity and impudence, the riot and the row,
With other immoralities, too much in fashion now,
Monstrosity would then be called, and cause both quake and fear,
Lest it might presage to the land calamity was near.
Oh, the very many pleasant days, &c.

Good manners then among the boys was reckoned not so now;
For if the parson came along, we always made a bow.
Then yes, sir—no sir, was the style and language of the day;
Respect to our superior we never failed to pay.
Oh, the very many pleasant days, &c.

The great, round table then they sat, with good, old Yankee fare;
And no one e'er complained at all that he had not his share.
Bean-porridge, apple-grunt, and mush, baked pumpkin, succotash;
Brown bread and sometimes johnnycake, or good potatoe mash.
Oh, the very many pleasant days, &c.

The Deacon read his Bible much, but also read the print;
And no one better could relate the matter that was in't—
I think he was a Christian, and a politician too;
Because to pay the printer's bill he never failed to do.
Oh, the very many pleasant days, &c.

But I am growing tedious, and I think it time to stop;
So now, for sake of brevity, I'll sum the matter up.
The old all think that "former days were better days than these;"
If so or not, still I will chant my burden, if you please.
Oh, the very many pleasant days, &c.

The Best is Left.—"I am fallen," cried Jeremy Taylor, "into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me. What now? Let me look about me! They have left me sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirits, and a good conscience; they have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too. And still I sleep, and digest, and eat, and drink; I read and meditate; I can walk in my neighbor's pleasant fields and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights, that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself."

The Olio.

Law Studies.—Punch gives some amusing proceedings in an examination of law-students.

Q. What is a *real action*? A. An action brought in earnest, and not by way of a joke.

Q. What are a bill and answer. A. Ask my tailor.

Q. How would you *file* a bill? A. I don't know, but would lay the case before a *blacksmith*.

Q. What steps would you take *to dissolve an injunction*? A. I should put it into some very hot water, and let it remain there until it was *melted*.

Q. What are post *nuptial articles*? A. Children.

Q. What is *simple larceny*? A. Picking a pocket of a handkerchief, and *leaving a purse of money behind*.

Hard Fare.—An investigation, made a year or two since, by a committee of the House of Commons, in England, gave the following weekly expenditure of a farm laborer in England, whose family consisted of himself, wife, and two children, and whose wages were 9s. or $2.25.

"Two pecks of oat meal, 1s. 6d.; five pecks potatoes, 2s. 1d.; milk, 1s.; loaf of bread, 6d.; half an ounce of tea and half a pound of sugar, 6d.; 1 lb. bacon, 6d.; fish, 6d.; coal, oil, and soap, 1s. 1d.; tobacco, 2d.; rent, 1s.

The food of the Irish laborer is mostly potatoes; of the Scotch, oat, and barley bread, and fish.

Eloquence.—A Boston "black dandy" stepped into a provision store to buy some potatoes. He gave the following eloquent description of their nature:—"De tater is enevitably bad, or inversably good. Dere is no mediocrity in de combination of de tater. De exterior may, indeed appear remarkably exemplary and butesome, while de interior is totally negative, but, sir, if you wends the article 'pon your recommendations, knowing you to be a man of probability in all your transactions, sir, widout furder circumlocution, I take a bushel."

A Good One.—A Millerite who had been lecturing not long ago on Kent Island, Md., was told at one of his meetings that the people of that region strongly contemplated riding him on a rail, in case he persisted in promulgating his doctrines to the Kent Islanders, when he made the following very deliberate reply: "If you place a saddle upon the rail, I should greatly prefer it to walking on these muddy streets." The wreck of the matter and the crush of worlds is but a small consideration to one who can take things as coolly as this.

Remarkable Change in Property.—When Lawrence Sheriff, grocer and citizen of London, left the third part of the field of 24 acres, in the parish of Holborn, for the endowment of a grammar school at Rugby, it produced no more than £8 a year. This field was called Conduit-close, and was nearly half-a-mile from any house. It is now covered with buildings, and the rental exceeds £10,000 a year. The field has risen in value from £8 to £10,000 and upwards.

Bachelors not "Established Facts."—The Rev. Mr. Bellows, in a recent lecture, maintained that a man, in order to become an "*established fact* in society," must not only accumulate a fortune, or a *competency*, but also take unto himself a wife. Alas! how many *unestablished "facts"* there are always likely to be "in society." Many bachelors (poor fellows!) have probably found it more difficult to "get wives, *to their minds*," than to amass princely fortunes.

Steaming It.—"Talk about your northern steamboats," said a Mississippi fireman the other day, "you haint had a biler burst for five years. Don't require no spunk to navigate them waters—any fool could do it. But it takes a *man*, stranger, to ride one of these ere alligator boats head on to a sawyer, high pressure and the valve soddered down, six hundred passengers aboard and every soul endangered."

Singular Association of Names.—A year ago the names of the President and most of his Cabinet *terminated* alike, as per example: Tyler, Webster, Spencer, Porter, and Upshur.

Now they *commence* alike, as, per example: *John* Tyler, *John* Calhoun, *John* Spencer, *John* Mason, and *John* Nelson—to say nothing of *John* Tyler, Jr., the Private Secretary, and *John* Jones, the organ!—*Washington Standard.*

N. P. Willis, speaking of spring, says:—"I should like to exchange work with any out-of-doors man—even with a driver of an omnibus—especially with the farmer tinkering his fences. Cities are convenient places of refuge from winter and bad weather, but one longs to get into the country *like a sheep from a shed*."

Idleness.—The worst vices springing from the worst principles, the excesses of the libertine, and the outrages of the plunderer, usually take their rise from early and unsubdued idleness.

Just the Same.—One of the Ojibbewayan Indians, we see is called "The Flying Gull." This, translated into common sense, means the "The Aerial Machine."

A man in this city quarrelled with his wife. He seized an axe, and before the poor woman could get out of the way, rushed into the yard and split some wood.

Affections, like conscience, are rather to be led than drawn; and it is to be feared they who marry where they do not love will love where they do not marry.

The weight of newspapers from London now passing by the mails on every Saturday night, is not less than eleven tons.

Christianity.—The sum of Christianity, or morality, is give and forgive, bear and forbear

Choice Anecdotes.

Whitefield's Eloquence.—An officer in Glasgow, who had heard Mr. Whitefield preach, laid a wager with another, that, at a certain charity sermon, though he went with prejudice, he would be compelled to give something. The other, to make sure, laid all the money out of his pockets; but, before he left the church, he was glad to borrow, and lose the bet. On another occasion, Mr. Whitefield preached in behalf of an obscure village in Germany, which had been burnt down, and collected for them *six hundred pounds*. After the sermon, Whitefield said, "We shall sing a hymn; during which, those who do not choose to give their mite on this awful occasion, may sneak off." No one stirred. He got down from the pulpit and ordered all the doors to be shut but one, at which he held the plate himself, and collected the above sum.

Leap Year.—The editor of the Temperance Herald, published at Camden, S. C., on the first day of its appearance announced to his fair readers that the present being leap year, conferred upon them certain privileges, amongst which, was that of paying *their* addresses to the gentlemen—any of whom, should he be so ungracious and ungallant as not to receive them favorably, forfeited his horse and watch. The paper had been issued but a few hours when Miss Lydia Green entered the office, made proposals to the astonished editor and demanded his hand or the forfeit. He freely relinquished his grey horse and patent lever rather than relinquish the right of making a selection for himself, whilst the lady appeared to be equally well pleased with her bargain.

Don't Make Rash Promises.—The slumbers of an Irish gentleman being disturbed by the call of another gentleman who had come to administer a horse whipping, he asked him whether he meant to be so unmanly as to flog him while in bed. "Certainly not," was the visitor's reply. "Well, then," rejoined the other, quietly rolling himself up very snugly in the bed-clothes, "you may wait as long as you please, but hang me if I'll get up while you're in the house."

Copy of an account rendered the Chamberlain of Stirling by one of its officials:—"To digging a grave in the jail for the provost, magistrates, and town council of Stirling, six shillings."

THE LEADING WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

This well established periodical, the name of which has so long been a household word in every part of the Union, continues its claims upon the favor of the reading public. No effort which industry in the business department, enterprise in the arrangements for the provision of matter, and careful consultation of the progress of the public taste can suggest, is omitted to make the Post acceptable to every member of a well ordered family. Deeming

PURITY OF MORALS

the great safeguard of private happiness and public prosperity, the conductors carefully exclude from its columns every thing, however brilliant in

LITERARY MERIT

which may reasonably be objected to in the score of objectionable tendency. The fields of pure literature afford sufficient material to make an

ACCEPTABLE FAMILY NEWSPAPER

contain all the elements of excellence, without a single objectionable line; and it is the greatest pride of the United States Saturday Post that no head of a family need hesitate to let its columns go under the notice of any member of his household. The General Features of the paper include—

TALES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

chosen for their lessons of life, illustrations of history, depicture of manners and general merit; and adapted in their variety to the tastes of both sexes, and of all ages. Particular attention is paid to the advancement of knowledge relative to

AMERICAN HISTORY, LIFE AND MANNERS,

as the past files of the paper will show. Some of the most popular American Tales and Novellettes which have ever appeared in the periodicals of this country have originated in the Philadelphia Saturday Post. And while American themes are more particularly our favorites, the productions of

FAVORITE EUROPEAN WRITERS

are canvassed, and such articles selected from time to time, as come within our scope. Nor is the handmaid of sterner literature—Poetry—forgotten—for some of the most delightful

POETRY, SELECTED AND ORIGINAL,

which has ever been presented to the attention of American newspaper readers, has been given through the columns of the Post. The publishers appeal with pride to the

ESTABLISHED REPUTATION

of this paper, and it will be the endeavor of those concerned to make it continue, what it has been for over twenty years,

THE FAVORITE FAMILY JOURNAL.

While these characteristics of a Literary Magazine are presented, the other essentials of the publication will not be forgotten, and in its inner pages the paper will present the characteristics of a

CAREFULLY PREPARED NEWSPAPER,

containing all current intelligence of interest or importance, but carefully avoiding such details of crime as serve only to familiarize readers with it, to no possible good purpose.

AGRICULTURAL MATTER

will occupy a portion of the columns, and our Farmer readers will be treated to such articles as are continually presenting themselves to the attention of the agriculturist in these days of improvement. If the

PENS OF ABLE WRITERS

engaged expressly for this journal, and the results of long experience in catering for the public taste can continue the present prosperity of the Post (and more the publishers cannot desire) its course will still be onward.

FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

are this winter distributed in Prizes for original matter—Four Hundred having been awarded for Prize Stories, and One Hundred and Seventy-Five for Prize Poems.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

will be mainly under the control of H. HASTINGS WELD, a gentleman of long experience in the business, assisted by several writers of acknowledged ability and popular talent.

Old friends, and new will accept our thanks for past favors, and may be gratified to hear that the success of the paper never exceeded that which it is at present enjoying.

TERMS.

1 COPY,	$2,00	PER ANNUM.
3 COPIES,	$5,00	" "
8 "	$10,00	" "
17 "	$20,00	" "

The money must always be sent in advance, free of postage.

☞ Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

Address, SAML. D. PATTERSON & Co. No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

A. BOLMAR'S BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, WEST CHESTER.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT, SITUATED AT West Chester, Pa., within about four hours ride from Philada., by the Columbia railroad, was built, improved and furnished some years ago, expressly for a Boarding School, at an expense of upwards of fifty thousand dollars. The situation is very healthy, and the accommodations most comfortable. A farm being a part of the establishment, furnishes for the pupils the most wholesome and desirable food. The Principal, the Teachers and the Pupils eat at the same table, and partake of the same fare.

In this School the pupils receive thorough instruction in all the English branches which constitute a good American education. The ancient and the modern languages, as well as the higher branches of Mathematics, are there taught by competent teachers of tried abilities, who all live at the school, and who devote their whole time to the improvement of their pupils.

The Course of Studies is such, that a pupil, at the choice of his friends, can receive, in a few years, such an education as will fit him for admission either into any college, into West Point or the Navy, or enable him to become a civil engineer.

Book-Keeping is taught in English, French and Spanish, and a pupil, directing his attention to a mercantile life, will receive such instruction as will, on his leaving school, enable him at once to make himself very useful in a counting house, and thereby secure for himself immediate advancement.

To those who have no knowledge of the school here announced, the Principal would observe, that it is not a new school, but one which was carried on successfully for several years in Philadelphia, from which place he removed it to West Chester, nearly 12 years ago, persuaded then that the country had many advantages over a large city to bring up boys, of which he has become long since thoroughly convinced by his experience in both places.

The Principal of this school will be pleased to refer persons, desirous of placing boys under his care, not only to distinguished gentlemen who have known him for many years as an instructor of youth, but to the parents who have had, and to those who now have boys at his school, and also to many of his old scholars, who being now grown up men, are filling high offices in different parts of the Union. He will also refer those who wish to give a classical education to their sons, to the Faculties of several colleges, into which many of his pupils have been admitted, (several in advanced classes) in which they distinguished themselves, thereby proving his school to be one at which boys can receive an English and a Classical education, and at the same time acquire such a knowledge of the French and the Spanish as will be of infinite value to them in whatever profession or business they may afterwards devote themselves to.

N. B.—There being in West Chester churches of nearly every denomination of christians, the pupils on Sundays are taken by the Principal and the Teachers to whichever of them parents may have directed, there to attend service and to receive such instruction as is peculiar to the sect to which each pupil may belong. Besides that, religious instruction is given at the school, but without any allusion whatever to the peculiarities of any one sect. The morals and good manners of the pupils are also scrupulously attended to at all times.

The Summer Session will begin on the first of May.

For Terms and any information respecting the School, Letters, post paid, must be directed to the Principal, as above. nov 6-eowly

UMBRELLAS CHEAP.

BEST PENNER & CO. MANUFACTURERS OF UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, AND SUN SHADES, No. 143 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Invite the attention of merchants, manufacturers, &c., &c., to their extensive, elegant, new stock, prepared with great care, and offered at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES FOR CASH.

The principle on which this concern is established, is to consult the mutual interest of their customers and themselves, by manufacturing a good article, selling it at the Lowest Price for Cash, and realizing their own remuneration, in the amount of sales and quick returns.

Possessing inexhaustible facilities for manufacture, they are prepared to supply orders to any extent, and respectfully solicit the patronage of merchants, manufacturers and dealers. mar 16-1y

A Large Assortment of the New Style Curtain Parasols.

BORDENTOWN, NEW JERSEY, BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS FROM THE AGES OF NINE TO EIGHTEEN.

THE BRANCHES TAUGHT ARE—ORTHOgraphy, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Geography, Mathematics, Chemistry, Philosophy, Astronomy, Botany and French, Drawing and Painting.

Also various kinds of needle-work if desired.

Terms per session of 24 weeks, including board, washing, &c., from $60 to $70, one half payable in advance, the remainder at the expiration of the term. Books furnished at the usual prices. $1 per session for the use of reading Books. The spring session commences the first Second day of the 5th mo. (May). Fall do commences 4th of 11th month (Nov.)

Our school has so far been conducted with much satisfaction and general health to the pupils. The school room is heated with wood. There is a library containing useful and instructive Books to which the pupils can have free access.

Every care is extended for the general improvement and health of the scholars. Those attending the school will be expected to attend Friends' meetings. Persons who are in the habit of placing their children at Boarding Schools, would confer a favor by encouraging this concern.

WILLIAM HILTON,
PHEBE HILTON, Proprietors.

feb 24-3m

CHEAP LEATHER STORE, NO. 97 CHESNUT Street, between SECOND and THIRD Sts., Philadelphia. The subscriber has constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHERS, suitable for BOOT and SHOE MAKERS, SADDLERS, HARNESS and COACH MAKERS, BOOK BINDERS, HATTERS, &c.

Also, RED and OAK TAN SOLE LEATHER and FRENCH CALF SKINS.

feb 16-1y* ANDREW B. CHAMBERS.

A NEW ERA OF SHAKESPEARE IN AMERICA! THE CHEAPEST AND MOST SPLENDIDLY ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE BARD OF AVON EVER PUBLISHED. EDITED BY THE HON. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK. ROBERT W. WEIR, Esq.,

will design, select, and arrange the illustrations, of which there will be about 1400, executed on wood, in the very best style of the modern school of that art.

In submitting the Prospectus of the Editor to the public, the Publisher has only to add that he will spare neither expense nor pains to make this edition of the World's Poet superior to any that has heretofore appeared—in illustrations, typography and paper. The form will be royal octavo, and will be issued in weekly parts, price 12½ cents, which places it within the means of persons of the most limited fortunes, whilst on account of its peculiar beauty it will gain itself admission into the libraries of the rich, and there prove to be one of the choicest ornaments.

Those who wish this work in the most perfect state will only be sure of it by taking the parts as they appear, which will contain the early proofs of the engravings.

The tragedy of Hamlet is now in press. The first part will be issued in March.

PROSPECTUS.

The Pictorial and Illustrated editions of SHAKESPEARE, lately published in England are amongst the most beautiful specimens of the recent and remarkable improvements of the art of wood engraving, which by combining great excellence of execution with economy of price, has given an unprecedented diffusion to the most useful as well as the most exquisite productions of the arts of Design.

The designs of Kenny Meadows for the illustrations of Tyas' edition of Shakespeare express the character of the several personages, and the spirit of the scene, with wonderful truth and power: whilst the wood engraving of Knight's Pictorial edition combine with the highest merits of art and taste such a learned and minute accuracy as to scenery, costume, architecture and antiquity as to make them a perpetual and most instructive commentary upon the Poet's text. It is now proposed to embody in an American edition, the admirable illustrations of both these editions, engraved with equal excellence of mechanical execution, to add to these, other engravings from eminent artists, as Reynolds, Fuseli, S. Newton, &c., and to accompany them with a beautifully printed and correct text.

But the publisher, anxious that his country should pay some part of the homage due from her to the greatest of Poets, as to one who belongs not solely to England, but to all who speak the tongue

That Shakespeare spake,

could not content himself with a mere republication or compilation. He has therefore prevailed upon R. W. Weir, whose reputation as an Artist is already identified with his country's history, to contribute a series of original designs, together with such advice and assistance in other details of art as his taste may suggest for the illustration and embellishment of this publication. From the same reason the publisher, instead of reprinting the text and commentary of any popular English impression, was desirous that his edition should have the supervision of an American editor. This task has been undertaken by GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

The plan proposed to himself by the editor is to furnish the reader with a carefully prepared and accurately printed text, unencumbered by any notes or comments upon the page itself; as however useful they may be elsewhere, they are too apt to divert the mind from the power of the Poet's thought, and to disturb the magic of his scene. Such notes as may be thought useful for the explanation or criticism of the text, will be thrown into an Appendix to each play.

The text of Shakespeare's dramatic works, drawn from old printed copies in his age, which had never passed under the author's own eye, was consequently disfigured by many errors and obscurities. It passed during the last century through a succession of varying editions until the revision of Stevens and Malone, whose text, (or rather that of Stevens,) has become the standard from which most of the English and American editions have been printed, with various degrees of accuracy. But within the last twenty years a more minute and familiar acquaintance with old English idioms, habits and modes of thought, guided by an intense and constantly increasing admiration for Shakespeare's genius, has led to the strong conviction that very many of the numerous though slight deviations from the ancient text appearing in modern editions, are useless or erroneous interpolations, sometimes weakening the sense and often substituting an arbitrary monotonous metrical regularity to the Poet's own native melody. Accordingly very many of these emendations have been rejected by the last and best English editors, especially Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier, and the readings of the old folios and quartos have been restored, unless where some error of the press or manuscript was undeniably manifest. Yet there are many such passages confessedly corrupt, and requiring conjectural emendation; there are also differences of reading between the several old impressions, affording grounds for some diversity of text and warm controversy between the more recent editors.

Upon these, the American editor thinks it due to the character of this edition, to decide for himself without implicitly following the text of any one modern edition. As the industry and learning of prior editors have furnished the collation of various readings and the authorities upon which they may be supported, the task is no longer that of laborious investigation, but, as it were, of judicial decision enlightened by contending argument.

As many of these variations are of nearly equal probability, and as some of them are doubtless the author's own alterations at different periods, all the more important readings will be presented to the reader in the notes for his own selection. These notes will also contain as much of commentary as may be useful to explain antiquated words and phrases, obscurely expressed passages, and allusions to obsolete opinions or the habits or history of the times: the whole in as condensed a form as practicable. But any commentary upon Shakespeare, however brief, would be imperfect if it did not present some view of the higher criticism employed, not on the interpretation of his language, but upon his thoughts, his character, his poetry, passions, philosophy. The only difficulty here arises from the abundance, the magnificent variety of the materials contributed during the last half century by the most brilliant minds of Europe. Still it is believed that this duty can be satisfactorily performed without swelling the edition to an inconvenient bulk. feb 24-tf

H. W. HEWET, Publisher, 281 Broadway.

Any Editor giving the above Prospectus 10 or 12 insertions, and an occasional notice of the work during its progress, will be regularly served with the numbers as they appear in exchange for their papers.

SHIVERS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF PIPSISSEWA,

FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA OR KING'S Evil, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Skin in all their varieties, Old and Ill-conditioned Ulcers, Mercurial Diseases, White Swellings, Liver Complaints, Ulcers in the Throat, Consumption in its incipient stages, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Affections of the Kidneys, General Debility, and also, all Diseases arising from an impure State of the Blood.

It has long been a desideratum with the medical profession to obtain an alterative—a medicine which effects a gradual change in any morbid or faulty secretion, or tends to improve diseased action by slow degrees,—in which they, as well as the community at large might place implicit confidence; such a medicine is now offered to the public, in the above named compound.

The medicinal properties of the Pipsissewa are indeed astonishing, far surpassing the Sarsaparilla, and in the *concentrated form* in which it is now prepared, and warranted to be purely vegetable, affords to the afflicted the most positive, easy and economical means of being cured of the diseases here mentioned.

The triumph has indeed been astonishing, and it only remains now, that it be brought into general use, as an *alterative*, to be prized as its merits deserve; and there is not a person who has used this *Compound* or has seen those who have, but will say at once, that it most inevitably take the place of all the different preparations of *Sarsaparilla*; for there is not a *disease*, for which the Sarsaparilla is used but that the Pipsissewa is infinitely superior. Letters, certificates, editorials, &c., might be given in great numbers, only a very few, however, will be used; but the proprietor earnestly requests all who may wish information, to call on him, or his agents, when such proofs will be shown as will remove all doubts, even from the most incredulous.

The following notice has been given by the Editor of the Philadelphia Times, from most positive evidence.

Syrup of Pipsissewa.—This new article is rapidly supplying the place of Sarsaparilla, excelling the latter, we are told, in almost every remedial point of view. In fact, we have seen letters in relation to "Shivers' Compound Syrup of Pipsissewa," that ascribe to it the most astonishing curative properties, in cases where Swain's Panacea, and other medicines had been used for years without relief.

Capt. Tatem is a person well known in this vicinity, and his certificate cannot fail to be justly estimated.

Mr. Shivers:—A son of mine, nine years of age, having been afflicted from infancy with eruptions of the Skin, especially on the face; I tried many remedies said to be useful in similar cases, but which tended only to increase the disease. When I heard of your Compound Syrup of Pipsissewa as being useful in diseases arising from Impurities of the Blood, I was induced to try a bottle upon recommendation, and was gratified to find that it produced the desired effect. I continued the use of it until three bottles were consumed, and the eruptions had entirely disappeared. I have no hesitation in recommending it in similar cases. SAMUEL TATEM.

Gloucester Point, N. J., August 29, 1843.

Prepared only by CHARLES SHIVERS, Druggist and Chemist, N. E. corner of Spruce and Seventh streets, Philadelphia; For sale also by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street; A. Tatem, corner of Vine and Eleventh streets, Philadelphia, and by Carter & Wilson, Boston, Massachusetts.

None genuine unless with the words "SHIVERS' PIPSISSEWA, PHILAD." blown in each bottle, and with the written signature of the proprietor on the outside wrapper. jan 6-eow-tf

GRAHAM'S PERIODICAL DEPOT IS AT No. 98 Chesnut street, where all the cheap publications can be obtained.

BRONCHITIS.

Beaver, Pa., Jan. 22, 1841.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—Having been for a long time severely afflicted with the Bronchitis, a disease which annually sweeps away hundreds and thousands of the human race to a premature grave, under the mistaken name of Consumption; and having heard of the most wonderful efficacy of your Expectorant, for coughs, Asthma, difficulty of breathing, and every other disease of the lungs, I purchased two bottles of your agent, Mr. A. Jaynes, 3d street, Pittsburg, and am happy to inform you, and all the sons and daughters of affliction, that your invaluable Expectorant immediately suppressed the cough, raised the pain and difficulty of breathing, and produced a free and easy expectoration, and speedily effected a complete cure.

JONATHAN DAVIS, Baptist Minister, Beaver, Pa.

Modest Town, Va., Aug. 27, 1839.

Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir: I have been using your Expectorant extensively in my practice for the last three months, and for all attacks of Colds, Coughs, Inflammation of the Lungs, Consumption, Asthma, Pains and Weakness of the Breast, it is decidedly the best medicine, I have ever tried. Very respectfully yours,

E. W. WILLIAMS, M. D.

☞ *Asthma cured by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant*—Miss *Mary Campbell*, of New Haven, Fayette county, has been cured of Asthma, of more than eighteen months continuance, by the use of *Dr. Jayne's Expectorant*. She commenced taking the medicine last summer, and after using eleven bottles, was entirely rid of this distressing disease. We are assured of this cure by a lady of undoubted veracity, and requested to make it public for the benefit of others.—*Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Register.*

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. june 17-1y

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

SINCE the important discovery of Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if they choose, preserve their hair from falling off, or if already bald may with certainty have their hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

Hamilton, Feb. 15, 1840.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I had not finished the first bottle of your Hair Tonic, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's appeared, and has continued to increase, so that I have had it cut two or three times.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head; and I was as much surprised as delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, as long as any of the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was, however, very fine, though quite thick.

Respectfully yours, &c.
George W. Eaton.
Professor in Hamilton and Literary Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

From the Somerville (N. J.) Whig.

Some time since I called upon Mr. P. Mason, of Somerville, for Dr. Jayne's celebrated HAIR TONIC, to restore my hair, which was then falling out daily. I procured one bottle, and applied its contents according to the directions. When the bottle was exhausted, I discovered to my great surprise and satisfaction, that the YOUNG HAIR was STARTING handsomely; I therefore purchased another, and so on till I had used three bottles, and now, as a compensation, my hair is as thick as ever.

And what is more surprising, my baldness was not occasioned by sickness, in which case there is greater hope of restoration—but was hereditary.

Jas. O. Rogers, Methodist Minister, Mount Horeb, Somerset county, N. J.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1839.

Doctor Jayne—Dear Sir: I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now for about three months and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic, I had tried many of the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bears Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c., &c., without experiencing much, if any, benefit.

Respectfully yours,
S. B. FITCH, M. D.,
No. 179 Chesnut street.

We publish the following letter from a sense of duty to the public. It is just such a letter as we should have expected from such a source. We know Dr. Quigly personally, and there is no man in the country, whose opinion is entitled to more respect. He is on all subjects honest and sincere, and his high character as a Physician can be attested by the first medical men in this city.—*Philada. Sun.*

Shepherd's Town, Va. Oct. 19, 1843.

Dear Sir,—You inquire of me whether I have used your Hair Tonic, and the effects. Several years ago my hair began to fall rapidly from the scalp, and I had the prospect of premature baldness. During several years I used various preparations recommended for the hair, from which I derived no benefit. At length a friend recommended your Hair Tonic. I used three or four bottles according to the printed directions, and at the end of six months, my hair was thick set, and since its tendency to turn grey was arrested.

I have never before given a certificate, recommending patent medicines, which indiscriminately used, as they often are, do much injury, but in a case like the present, where I know the article to be beneficial, and that it can do no harm, I have no scruples in stating facts within my own knowledge.

Yours, &c. JOHN QUIGLY, M. D.

Dr. D. Jayne, Philadelphia.

Haddonfield, N. J., Feb. 12, 1839.

Dr. D. Jayne—Sir: I take great pleasure in informing you that the bottle of Hair Tonic which I obtained of you last October, has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair had for a long time been exceedingly thin. But two or three years past it had so fallen out that my head had become almost entirely bald. I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness by combing the hair on the side over it. But now, after using a bottle of the Tonic, I have as luxuriant a growth of hair as I ever had.

C. C. Park.

Late Pastor Baptist Church at Haddonfield, N. J.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia, where also may be had Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, Carminative Balsam, Sanative Pills, and Life Preservative. june 17-1y

READ WITH ASTONISHMENT! THE WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT & VERMIFUGE.

THE following testimony, says the Pittsburg Daily Sun, has been voluntarily offered to the agent of Dr. Jayne, at the Franklin Head Printing Office, Third street, of the valuable effects of the use of his Vermifuge and Expectorant, by John Knox, a well known and highly respectable Book and Job Printer, of this city. The facts he states can be abundantly testified to by several respectable physicians, besides various inhabitants of the city, conversant with Mr. Knox's family.

Pittsburg, Oct. 30, 1843.

Mr. A. Jaynes:

Sir—Justice to Doctor D. Jayne's Medicines compels me to make you the following statement, respecting a child of mine who suffered very much from an affection of the lungs or chest.

In the fall of 1839, my daughter, six years old, took sick with a violent cold, which grew worse every day, until she could scarcely breathe. We called in a very eminent and a very attentive physician, who immediately took her in his hands, and said that she would not have lived one day more without aid. She continued very ill for three or four weeks, the physician doing every thing that he could for her—but all to no purpose. The seat of her disease could not be reached—her breathing was very short: it was but a gasping for breath—her right side began to swell up very much. The Doctor thought that water was accumulated in her chest; he consulted with the best physicians in the city—one of them was of the opinion that it was matter instead of water. Every thing was done that could be done to remove the water, but all without effect—blistering, cupping, leeching, &c., until our patience and the patience of the Doctor himself was completely exhausted. At length the Doctor concluded that an operation was necessary to give her ease, but he did not promise that he would cure her. He consulted with several of the best physicians in the city, and they came to the same conclusion, that nothing but an operation would do her any good. We (her parents) gave consent, and in the latter part of January, 1840, the operation was performed. The child, being nothing but skin and bone, stood the operation very well, considering her great weakness. About three pints of matter were taken from her side, between the sixth and seventh ribs, without much relief to her. The matter was at first healthy, but afterwards became offensive, bursting out in the night and running all over her clothes and bed—the smell being so bad that we have had to open the house in the middle of the night, in order to be able to dress her.

All this time she was burning with fever, and coughing all the time. She had a voracious appetite, indeed, and all she ate passed from her just as she ate it, without being the least touched by her stomach. This state of affairs continued for three or four months, the Doctor still attending her, and doing his best to make her expectorate, but always without success. He gave her twenty-three mercurial powders in succession to salivate her, but they never touched her—she remained the same, as the Doctor said "neither better nor worse." He finally told me he could do nothing for her; he said that she must die. These are his words: "your child must die; she can't live; she smells like a corpse and looks like a corpse." He left her and we resorted to Sarsaparilla Syrup, thinking that she might obtain relief from it. We used one bottle, a quart, but without any success, and in about a week after the Dr. left her he called again, for he was very anxious about her, and we must say for him that there never was a more attentive physician; he expressed his surprise to find her pretty much as he had left her. He said something must be done for her. I would here mention that we had to dress her side from six to ten times per day—and she inclined to lie on her right side so much that she became crooked: her back bone was quite bent, and her breast and side had sunk very much, so that we had no hopes of her ever being straight if she should get well otherwise.

The Doctor now proposed to fumigate her with mercury, in order, he said, to alleviate her if possible. I procured the stuff, and on my way I passed your Printing office, and mentioned the circumstance of the child's sufferings to you. You recommended, if you recollect, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant and Vermifuge. The Vermifuge first, to give tone to her stomach, and the Expectorant to make her expectorate—just what she wanted. She often said, "If I could spit I would feel better." Well, we did not like to have her set over hot mercury for two hours a day for twelve days, and I immediately abandoned the idea and took your advice, got a bottle of Vermifuge and one of Expectorant, and commenced using them. I gave her a teaspoon full of Vermifuge first, and then fifteen drops of Expectorant the first day. The next day I gave her a teaspoon full of Expectorant, and it made her vomit, which did her great good; for it seemed to break the fever, and the sweat began to show itself on her brow; and in one week there was a great change on her for the better. We began to feel as though we should not lose her yet. The matter from her side became less offensive every day, and grew thick and yellow, whereas it was black and then like dirty water before we gave her your medicine. She also expectorated very freely, and the same kind of stuff that came from her side before, now came from her mouth every time she would cough, in great quantities. I continued to give her fifteen drops a day until she got entirely well, which was in the winter of 1841-'2; and the reason why I have not made this known before, is this: I wished to see whether or not a permanent cure had been effected; and this I think can safely be said by all who know the child, as she is now running about and going to school, as well as ever she was. Her back having resumed its natural shape, her breast and side filled up, and she is fat and hearty—all the effects of Dr. Jayne's valuable medicines.

I believe if I had known of your medicines in the first place, the child's sufferings would have been of short duration, as it would seem that all she wanted was something to make her expectorate.

You may do what you think proper with this statement, as I am willing to be qualified to all that it contains.

Yours, with respect, june 17-1y
JOHN KNOX, Printer, Pittsburg.

The above valuable medicines are prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.